Ivan

Most Popular Marquee

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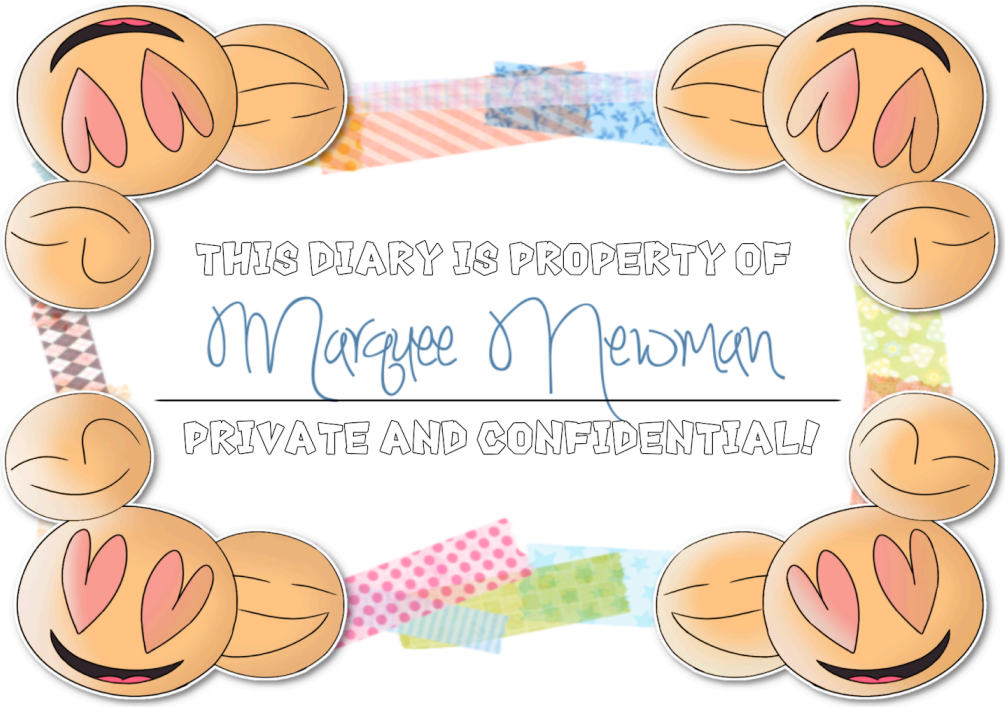
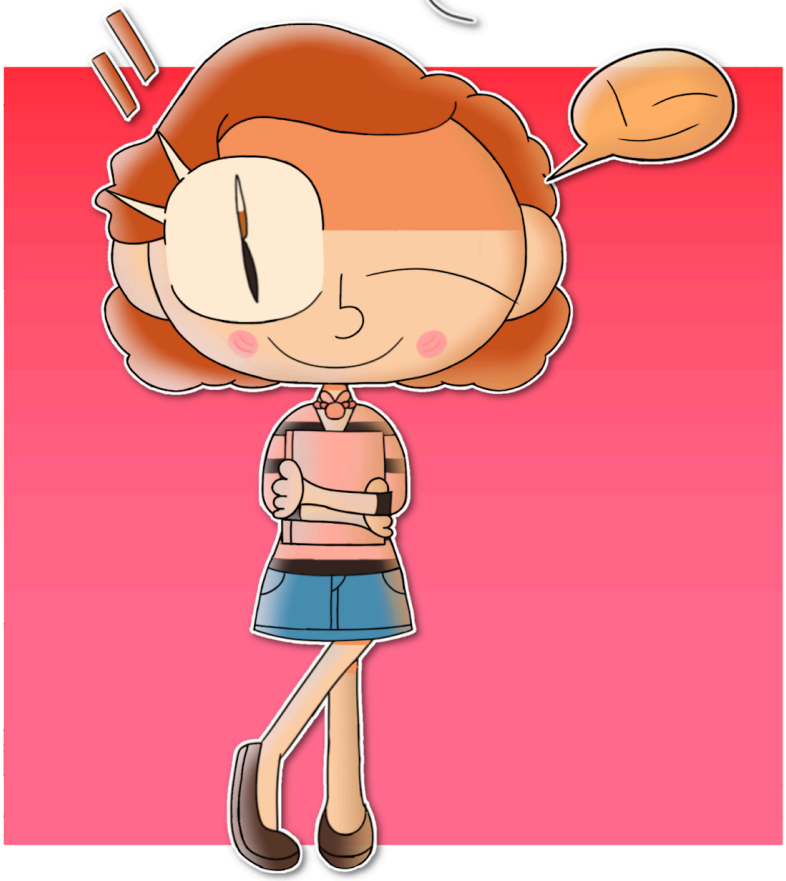


DNI: EVERYONE!

TO EVERYONE'S WHO FUNTASTIC

Ivan's Most Popular Marquee



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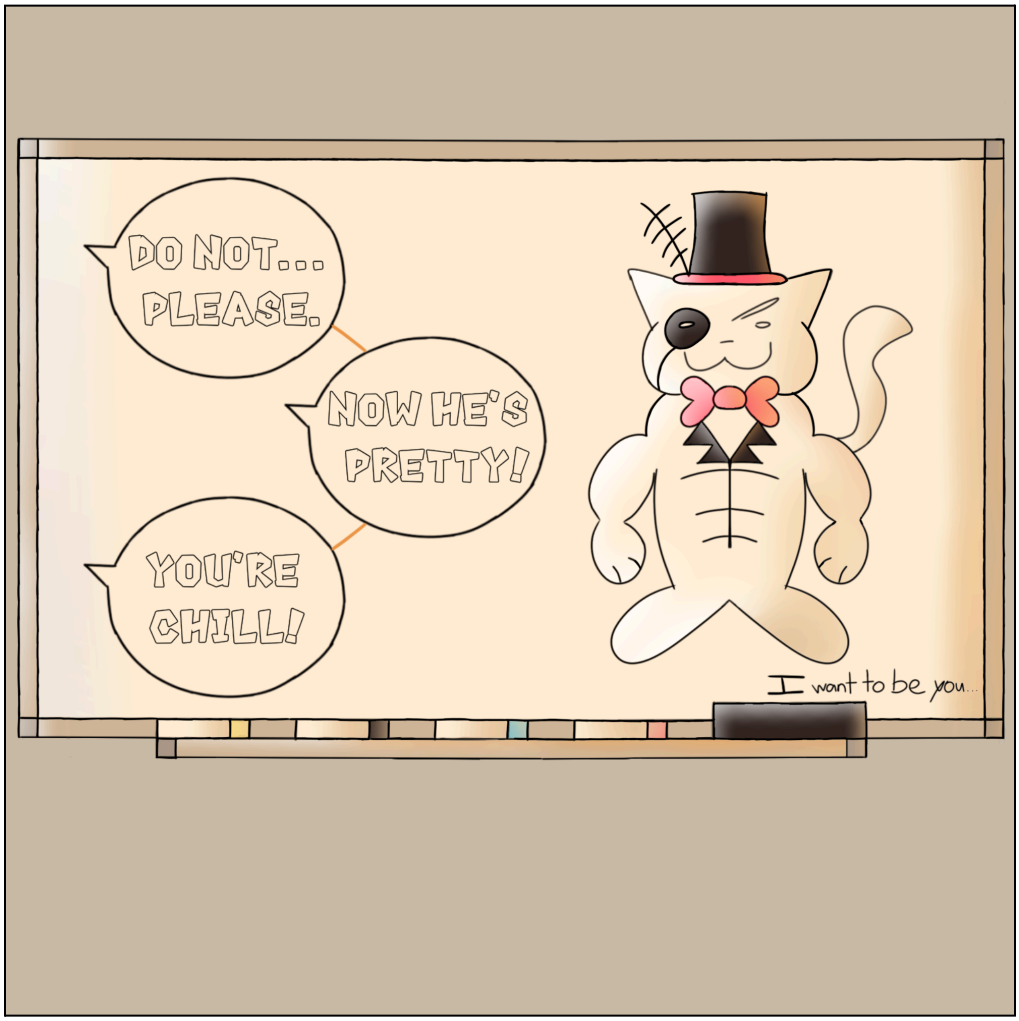
TO EVERYONE WHO'S
SUPPORTED ME

#01

If I had to ask myself what was the most interestin' part of my literature classroom's wide whiteboard, it would be when I least expect it. Some days, I get greeted by fancy cats, and other days, I'm greeted with no cats. It's not for the faint of heart that I want cats to constantly be that appearin' whenever I study literature, but it doesn't hurt to make the environment too topsy. ˙◠˙



I MUST keep my delirium ongoin' for what vocabulary would be on this quiz. I can't call it an exam when it's only to be completed in mere seconds, but those seconds tend to tilt in my ability to think or remember facts. I could be usin' my computer minutes before, and what I was goin' to keep in mind gets scrambled harder than bad breakfast eggs when it's true or false. ✌ツ

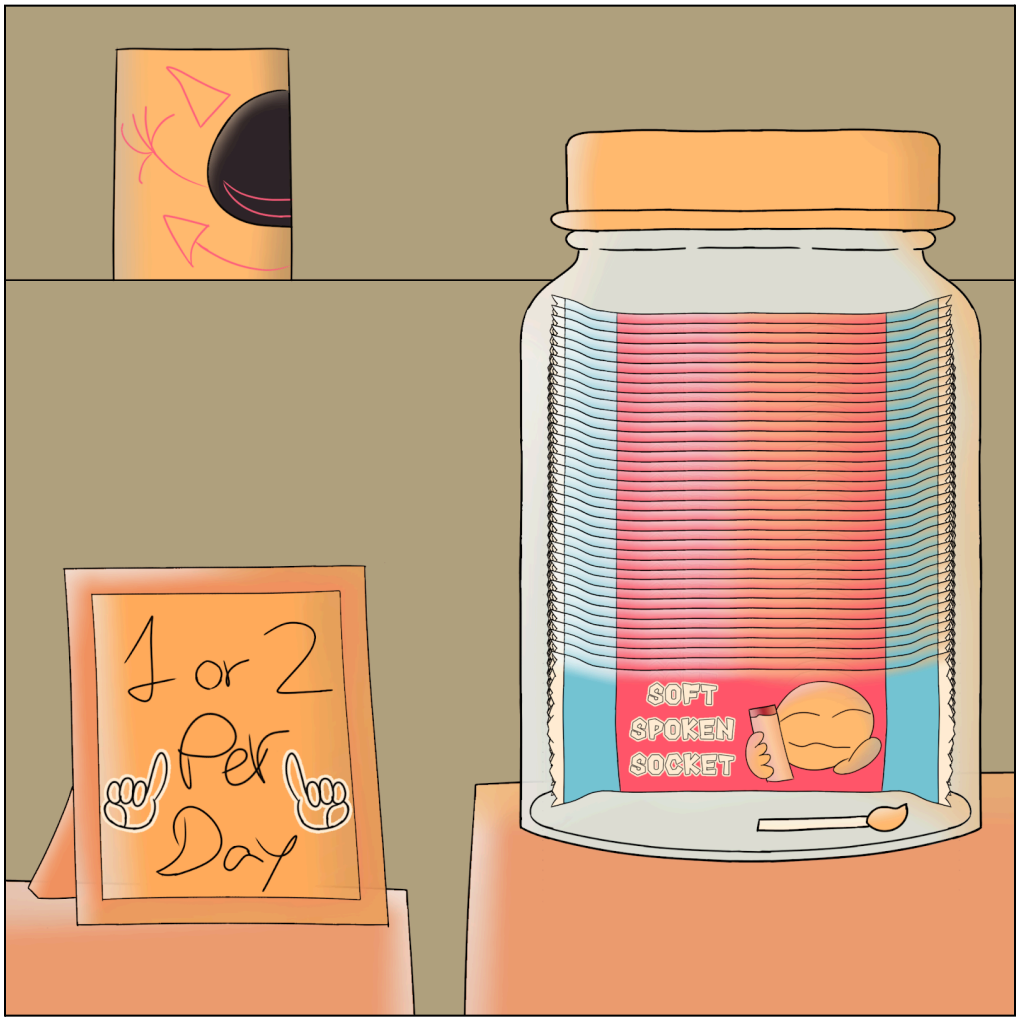
#02

The GOOD part is that from how gorgeous our professor is, I get to sit in silence for a few minutes before the actual class starts. Pure white noise, represented by exclusively white colors. If it wasn't for the bulletin board of advertisements, I would see no color. Studyin' a program of Berlin's art history? I don't have a passport to Berlin. I doubt I ever will. ┐(´ー`)┌

Of course, it helps that my previous professor's wife always supports the goodies before I go up the elevator. If only the elevator didn't want me to mess up my internet connection for so long that I don't get to use it in my free time. FUN. I get to study MORE! Study for anythin' but these stupid quizzes that don't need to confuse my thinkin' skills. I just wanted granola. (`-´)>

#03

And why did I exclusively grave granola? Well, due the support center's jar of treats now solely contained of granola bars, either flavored in butter or strawberry. The only outlier was two bags of popcorn I decided to grab per the rule that you can only get two per day. I blame a certain someone gettin' a dozen chips or candy each Thursday, but I won't say WHO. ＼￣へ￣



If I kick the beans, then I'd never hear the end of it from her. From my perspective, it's best to wake up bright and fast if you want a chance to get the enthusiastic novelties. There's a certain coolness to eatin' extra cheesy animal crackers early, in contrast with butter crunch. I know I harp on butter, but I always get SCARED when I see animal crackers more.(・A・)

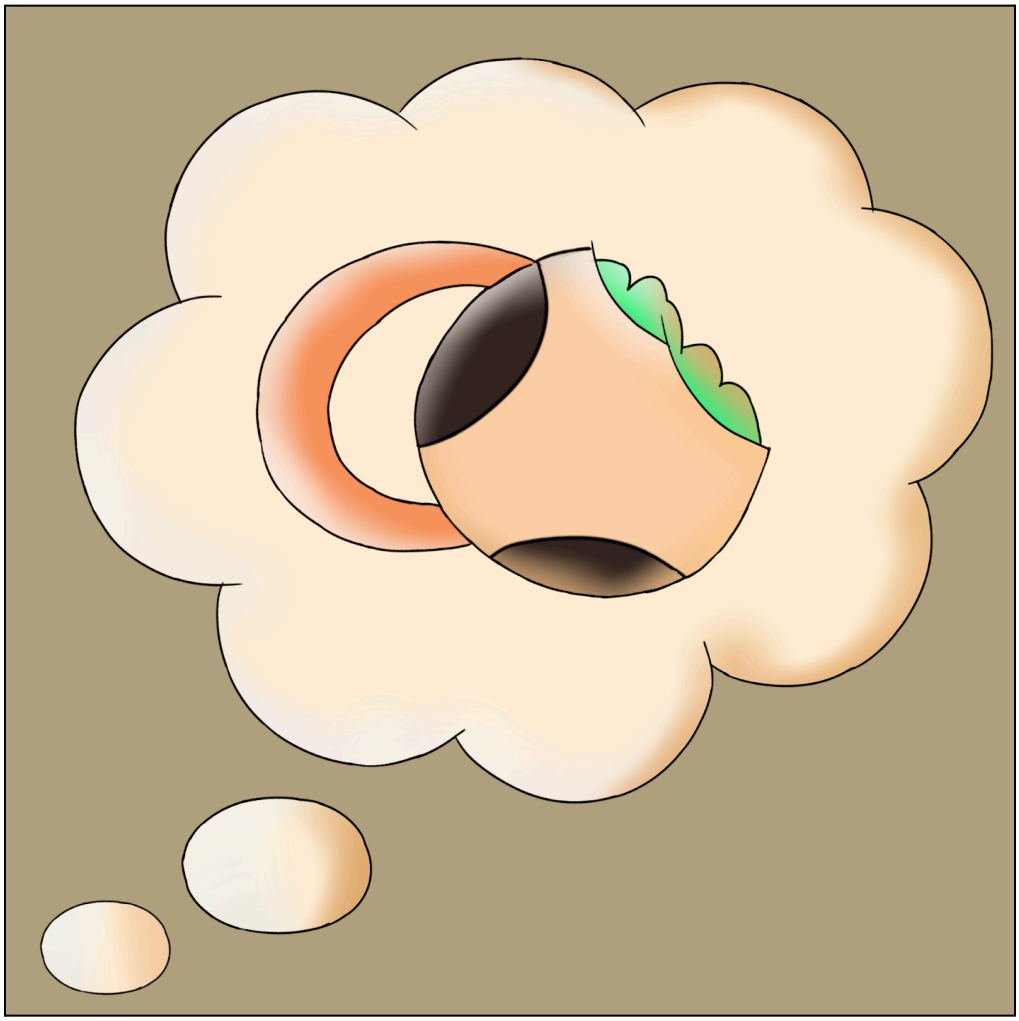
#04

You see, whenever I go to the grocery store that replaced my favorite toy store, I always want to see what new samples are close to the service returns department. Recently, I had yogurt with chocolate chips. It was fine. Before then, I had a PINCH of cookies with both golden and chocolate wafers. Ms. Carachure, the store manager, always offers ‘em for everyone. (˚ワ˚)

But here’s the thin’ that keeps botherin’ me whenever they have animal cracker samples. Their shape is almost too realistic to be confined to just a cookie. It BUGS me, it really does. I’m too busy writin’ her name every time I see her to realize in the moment that I fear they are made to turn humans into animals. I dunno, the shape’s too REAL to ignore. It’s eerie to see. \(˚□˚”)/

#05

But then, more peers started to arrive. That was the signal of our test, but first, we were asked the question of the day of what we liked to eat before each day. The boy in front said he enjoyed crispy pink donuts. The girl south of my desk advocated for biscuit cookies, while I said like marshmallow squares. If only she knew to get a few for me, or the rest of us, or... (✖ ∩ ✖)



“What’s your name again?” I asked that boy ahead, as I expect to work with him on a group examination of poems. “It’s Vermin P. Schmavo, right?” I said back. I think his last true appearance was three weeks ago, which means I have to recount how many times I’ve seen him since it’s always an issue when any boy disappears from me. It’s such a huge bummer! (✖ ∩ ✖)

#06

“Mind if you remind me what’s your name? We might be paired soon,” I said to the girl south. “Eh, it’s Cady Gretwig, I suppose,” without hesitation, but also with zero enthusiasm. That is where I ended things, before I had to ask a dozen others’ names. It blends into my mind a little too much for what I can handle. Fortunately, rollcall’s purpose makes it easier to think on. ¦(ツ)∫

Whenever our professor called out a name, and the correspondin’ image attached to our profile listed on the class agenda. Sure, our image wasn’t always exactly yourselves, but it was close enough. Name after name, there was no breathin’ room to take a break from writin’ down first and last names. Initials don’t do. I need the real deal. What REALLY is me. ≼(•̀ ᗝ •́)≽

#07

But what really is me? I guess a lot of questions have to come up. If I were to be in a driver's test, I'd say I read wheels modestly. But WHO reads wheels? What was the last time in human history somethin' THOUGHT about readin' wheels? But if I were to play paddle ball, I'd describe myself as a pretty okay master who'd rather not throw tantrums against Japan. *(•‿‿•)*

I wrote down about twice a dozen names from the rollcall, and that's only in the first class alone! How nutty is that? More than those PESKY acorns that keep bringin' squirrels to lunch on every table? Almost as equally nutty AND pesky as this obnoxious sound. If 'cause the last boy to get here on time COMPLETELY forgot that the lock block exists. But who doesn't? (⌐■_■)

#08

“Don’t forget me!” was an unexpected last minute voice from the halls ready to interrupt our session, but then I saw WHO it was and it was anythin’ but unexpected. It was none other than Harmony Morricone. The thorn that most roses would be afraid of, but a thorn that wouldn’t be scared of any roses. I don’t think I’m THAT scared. But look at her, and don’t deny it. (¬､¬)

Ugh. I hate it whenever she does that trick of wavin’ her hand so high, if only due to how I can’t pull off her technique. Or maybe it’s inherently her specialty, and arms can never extend. I’m not sure what to think of her. I’ve been perplexed since I first saw her in kindergarten. If someone screwed me over spellin’ “chair” for a super important test, then it would be her. ヽ_ノ

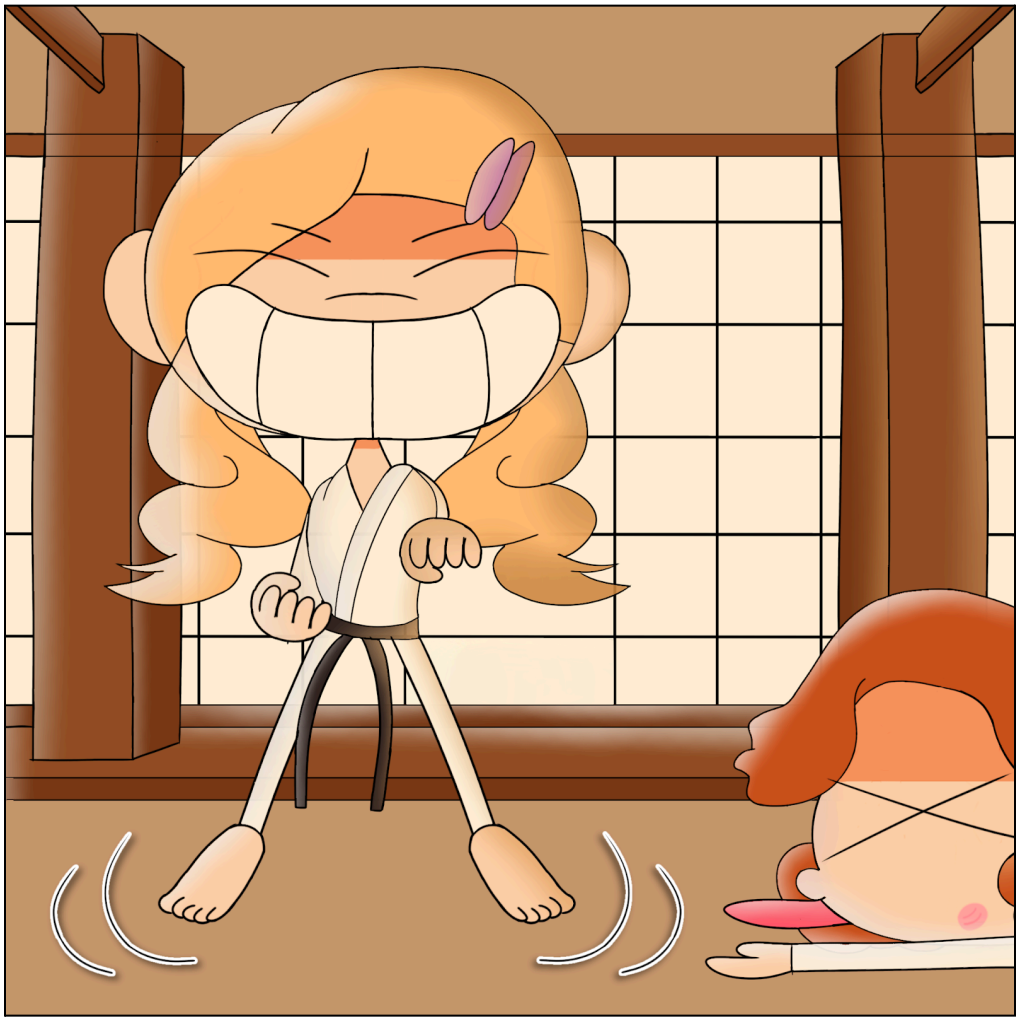
#09

I thought kindergarten was only a year ago. It's closer to the double digits than the single digits. My teacher's friend, Ms. Baker, encouraged us to improve on our vocabulary to win a "SUPER DUPER AWESOME" prize, or what the boys teased me about. Mrs. Murphy gave us one shot to get it right. Harmony spelt chair as intended, while I wrote chair as "chiar." (;__;)

And what did she win? It was hand crafted root beer. And not the kind that makes an ass out of yourself. With delicious pampered ice cream frosties on top of a painful cherry sundae that was rolled over me. I got REALLY CLOSE to tears. The only thought my mum had was that I needed to have stronger vocabulary. She made my chicken soup all vocab words that day. (>_<)

#10

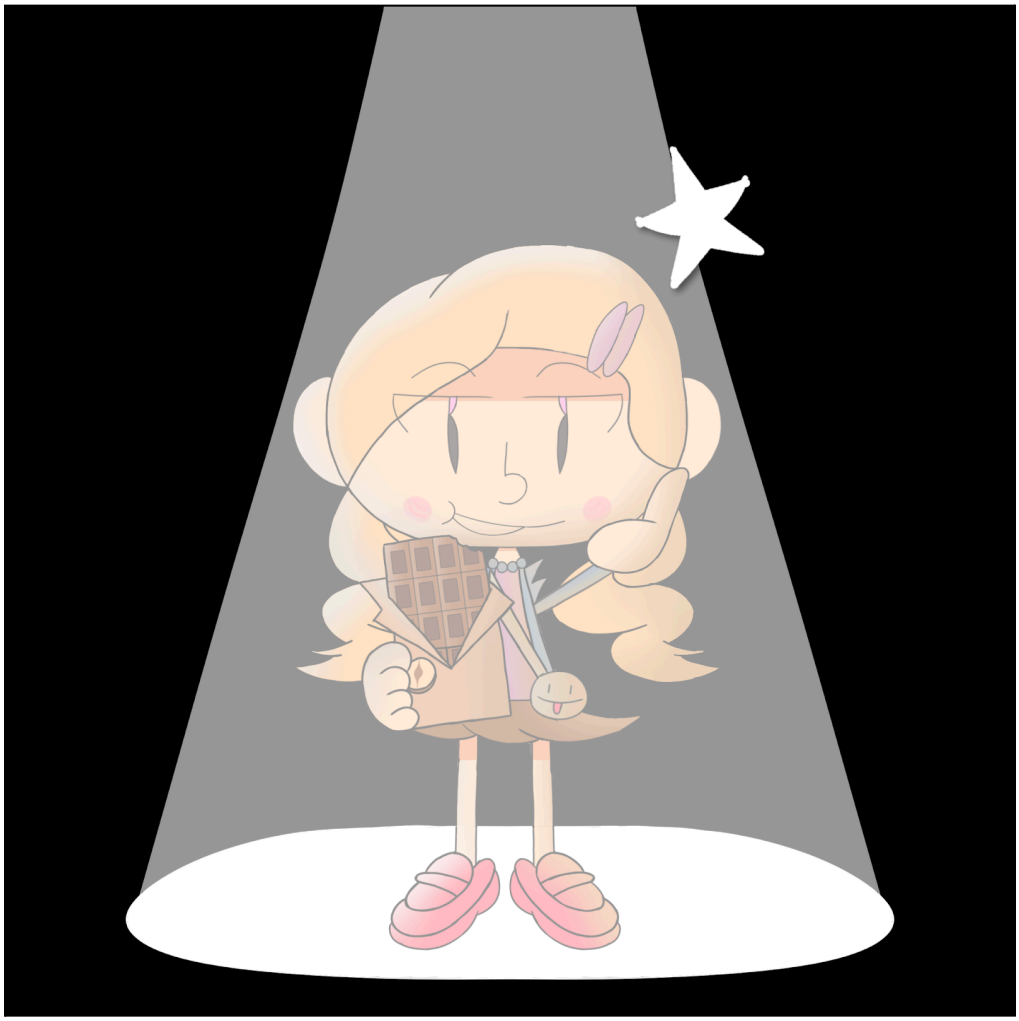
And the less said about how she kicked me in karate, the better. It wasn't that long ago, but I never want to think about how badly it was recorded for future generations to study. And for what? An example that is goin' to kick and haunt me until it's enough in death? My granted displeasure is whenever she does that mouth when she's happy. As happy as her teeth. (๑‿‿๑//)



But like, I'd love to know where she gets her sense of fashion from. Last time, she was mint pink and red. This time, she was in crisp blue and yellow. Next time, I imagine she'll be hollow orange and pink. I'll admit how glamorous her necklace is. Is it pure gold, or a kiddy kind of gold? Or inflated karate gear. She must've avoided an OTHER kind of black belt. (,,°□°)

#11

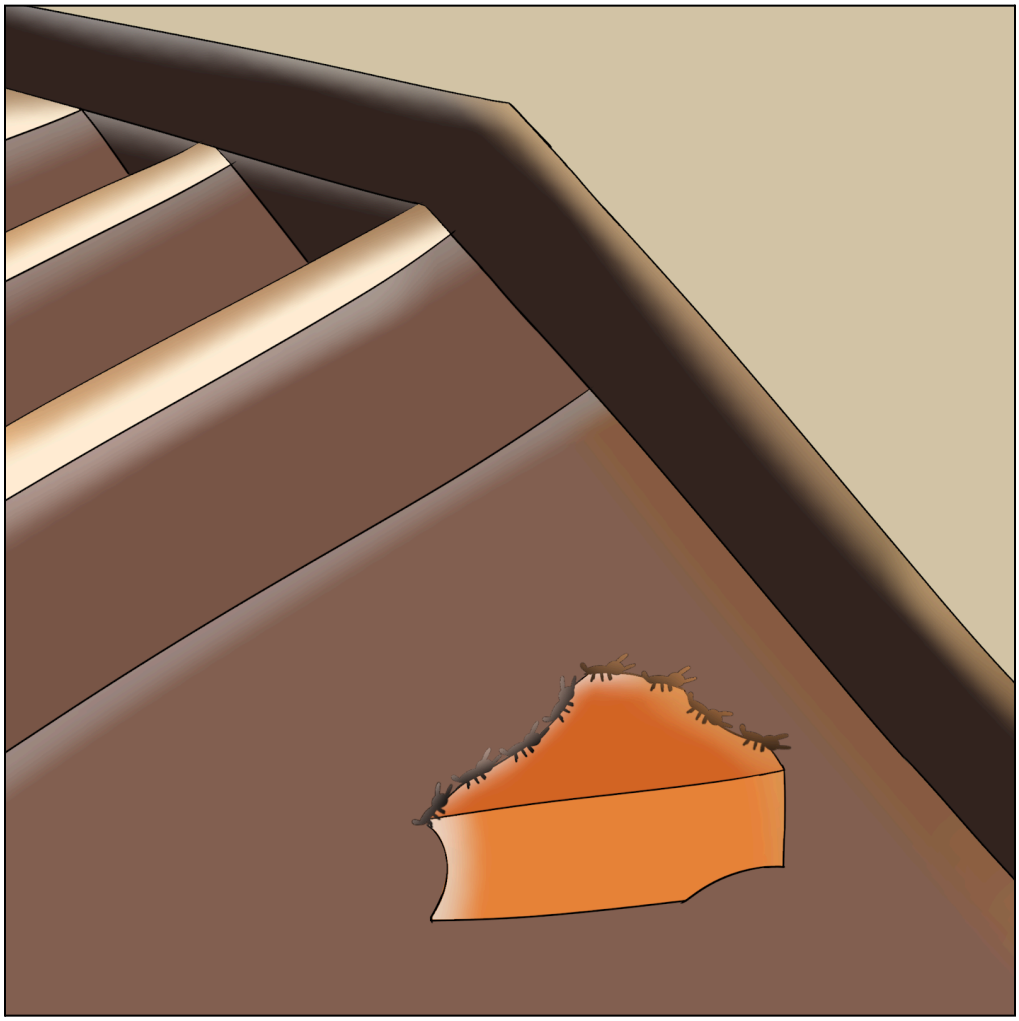
“Since I couldn’t ask you before, what do you like to eat in the mornin’ each weekday before class?” was dropped upon her in lieu of granted royalty. “I think the hazelnut couverture chocolate is pretty scrumptious. It’s from Callebauto,” she outright didn’t hide her tastes. The only type of chocolate I love are those rare Halloween blues that are covered in blue. ヽ(ˆᗜˆ)ノ



“Didn’t you say your parents own a famous chocolate manufacturer once?” made me groan in silence, as I knew exactly where this was goin’ to stall for a long time, to where we won’t do any class work. All this talk about sizes and shapes of the sort of chocolate Harmony eats bugs me whenever I have to see her in class. I GET IT! JUST NO MORE! ((ʔ□ •̀Д•́)ʔ*))

#12

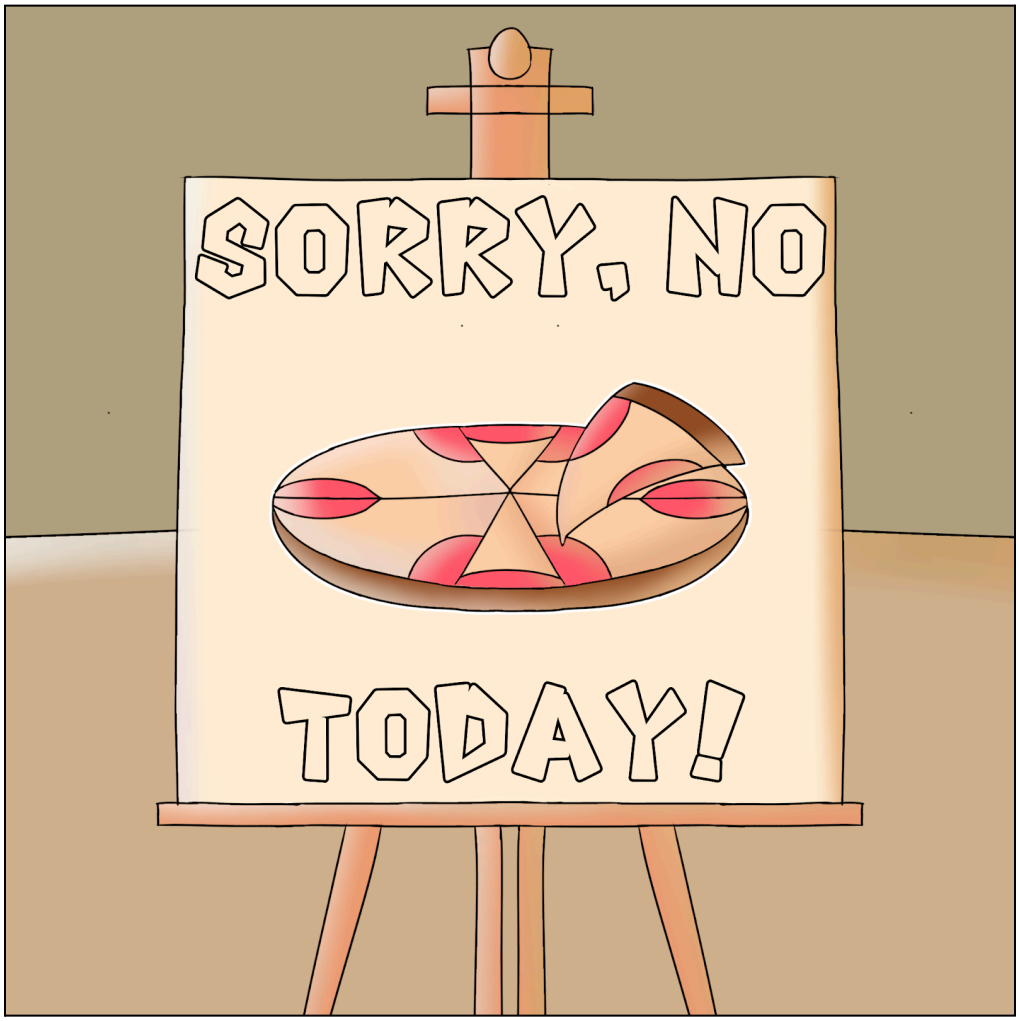
And yet, the rest of class went normal, and even the true or false questions weren't too bad when they were about obvious to figure out what was truthful and not. When the text spells it out to you he didn't exclusively write text for adults and did for kids too, I'll assume that I'' get a point. If I don't, then I'm goin' to chuck hard wood. Wood that won't ever return! (;`O´)o



On my way downstairs, what surprised me wasn't my lunch, but what could've been part of it. Crusty pie. Or maybe not even pie, but close enough to pumpkin pie. I was already anxious to avoid it, but nevermind the dozens of ants who had been wide-eyed to get it for their lunch. Or breakfast. Or whatever is their nutrition. Ants don't exactly eat high classified grub. (ᵕ—ᴗ—)

#13

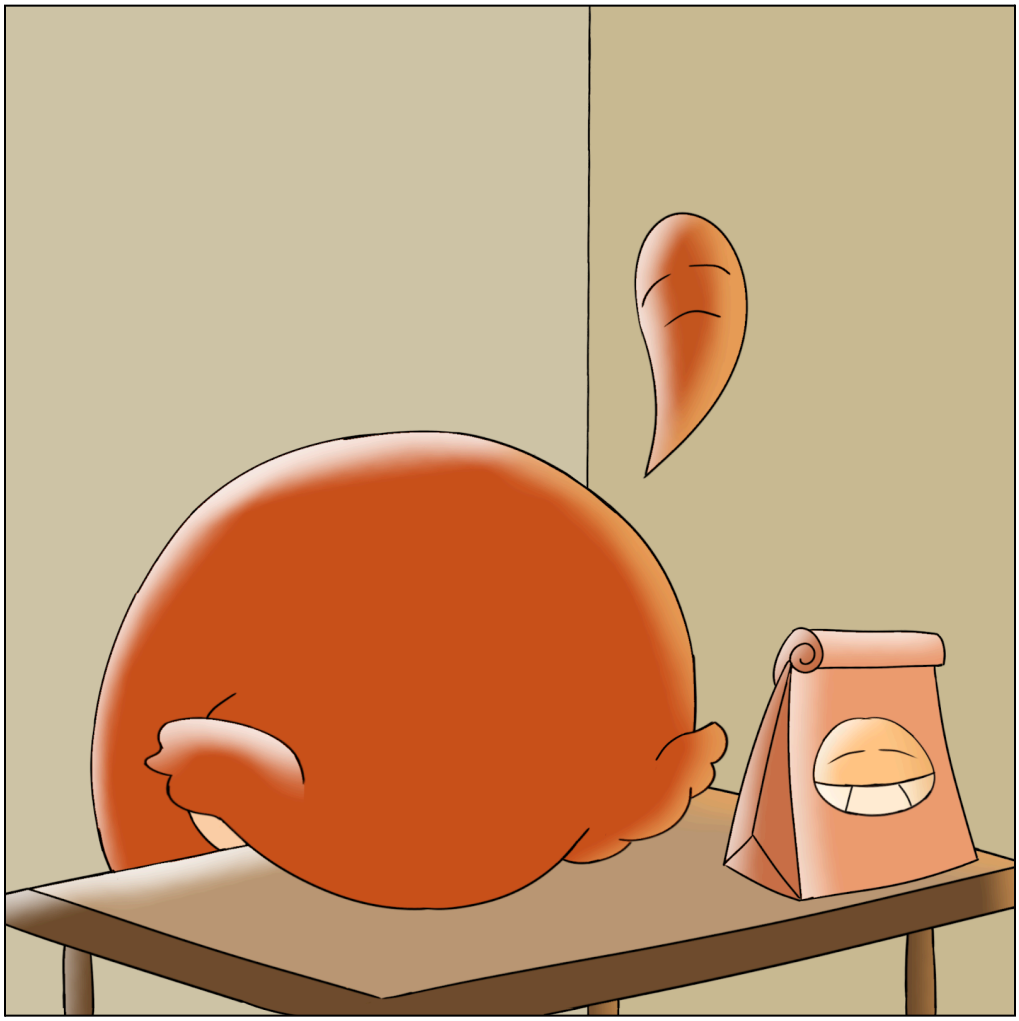
Fortunately, the line wasn't too long to wait. The downside is early arrival makes it difficult to connect your internet without lag when it's only breakfast. The upside is that you don't have to risk extensive rows collidin' into one to get their meals. Or have 'em run out of pizza after the first few and takin' their sweet time to bake instead of prolonged wait. (。+･`ω･´)



My lunch went fine. My meal was modest. The extra snacks from the healthy center and their booth made me feel better about how they stopped offerin' potato chips as part of the meal program. Nobody knows why they no longer offer any. It will likely remain a mystery, but I like to think they just don't want us to grab multiples per day. Even when we should. ᕦ(♂̈□♂̈)ᕤ

#14

Whenever I eat lunch, I have a special sweet spot outside the cafeteria where I rely on nobody else botherin' to steal it from me. If I'm not chewin' on pepperoni, then I'm checkin' the progress of how many people have appeared each day in the last week. It's cool when they have to appear for perfect attendance. It's not cool when they miss most days. Or any. ᕦ(ⁿ╥﹏╥)ᕤ



Goin' upstairs, I expected to write down more names, but then I saw a note that said that class was cancelled. The only other girl thought it was for previous classes, but re-checkin' the schedule proved otherwise. Oh well. Looks like I won't be able to write down more names. It doesn't help that there are dozens of folks who won't appear today. Just great. ｡°(°.◜□◝°)°｡

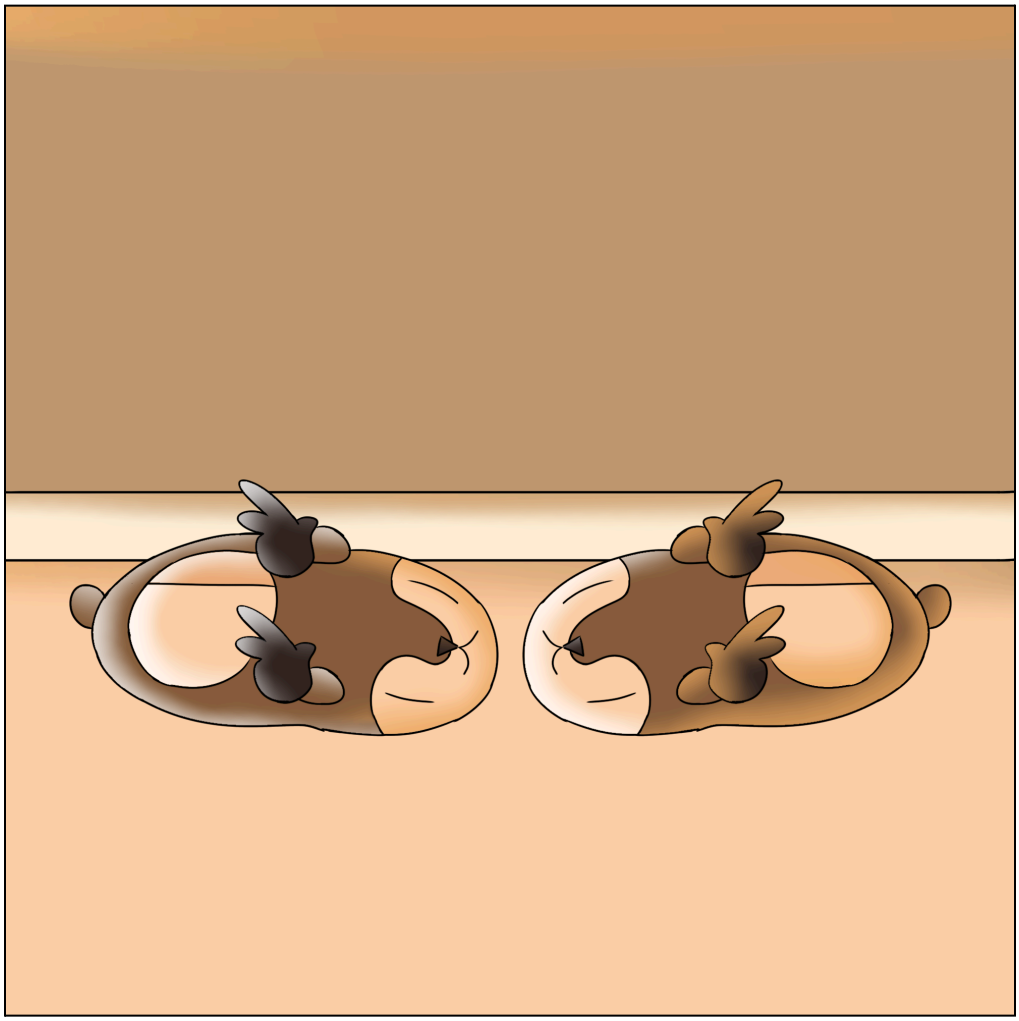
#15

And you know what else is great? Gettin’ on the bus early. Or it would be great if the driver hadn't immediately driven the bus without permittin’ me to sit down. Last time that this happened, I almost got sick from someone who had the flu after the holiday. It must be my lucky day that I'm the only one on board. I got to enjoy the silence of lookin’ at ticket banners! (ΦωΦ)

But whoever has been dropped off before me dropped his blue milk. I couldn't even begin to think that it was water. The texture is purely anythin’ BUT water. Or was it? I decided to be a lady and clean it up nicely. But it wouldn't come off? Seriously? How did this come to be? When I got off the bus, I only glanced at the driver's tag. I think it read out… Ebert Torres Jr?「(°ヘ°)

#16

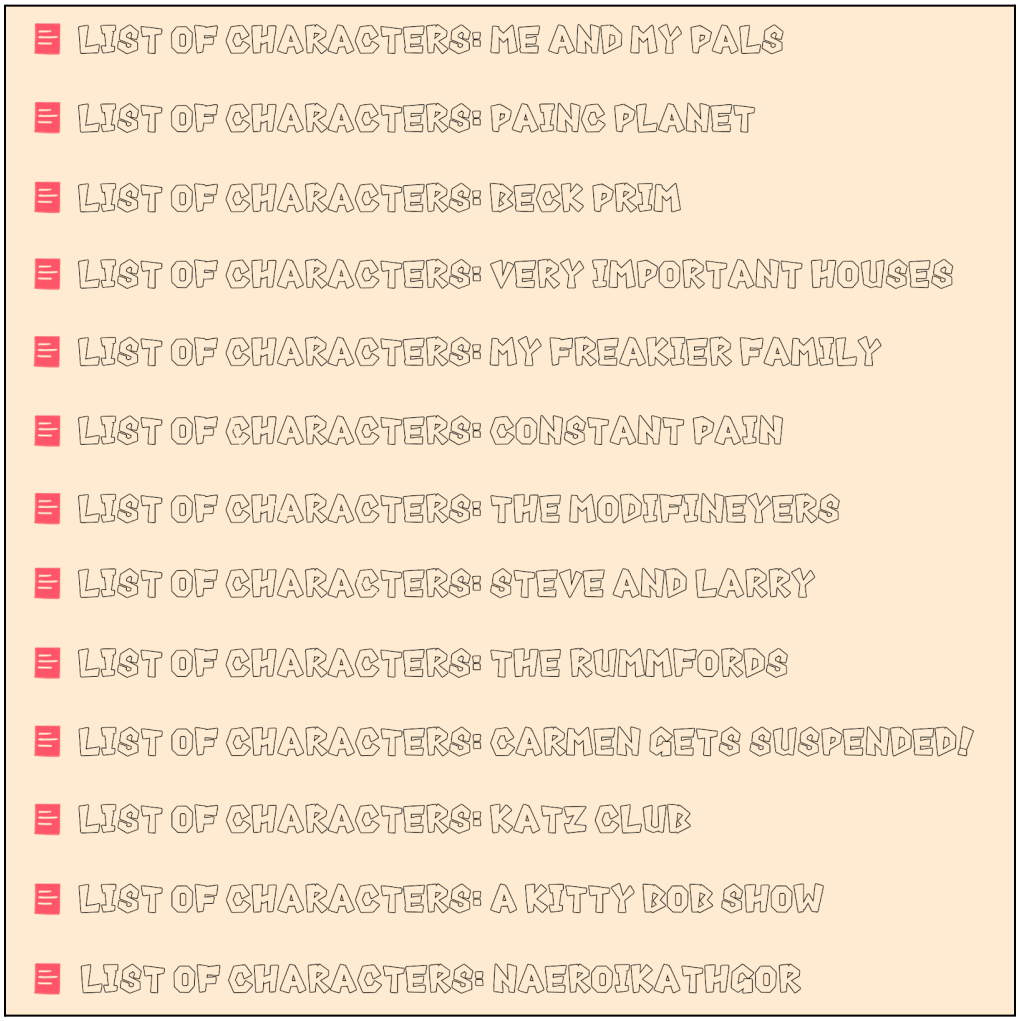
If I can count on anythin’ to be greeted by daily, it would be these deer slippers that were suddenly brought in one Christmas. We didn't know who wanted to use ‘em, so they have been left in peace ever since. It's a bit SPOOKY on mere principle to think what's goin’ to happen if I cared to put ‘em on. There's a reason they've been unruffled from any dust or stain. Eh. (*ﾉω ﾉ)



“Welcome home. You want somethin’ to eat?” was what my mum greeted me with, but I wasn't in the mood to eat. I was in the mood to use my printer. “You know, you used to have more excitement when you told me about your rainbow monkey underwear last weekend,” made me instantly want to head to my room. LIKE, you can't care to consider THAT detail. (´ゅゃゅ)

#17

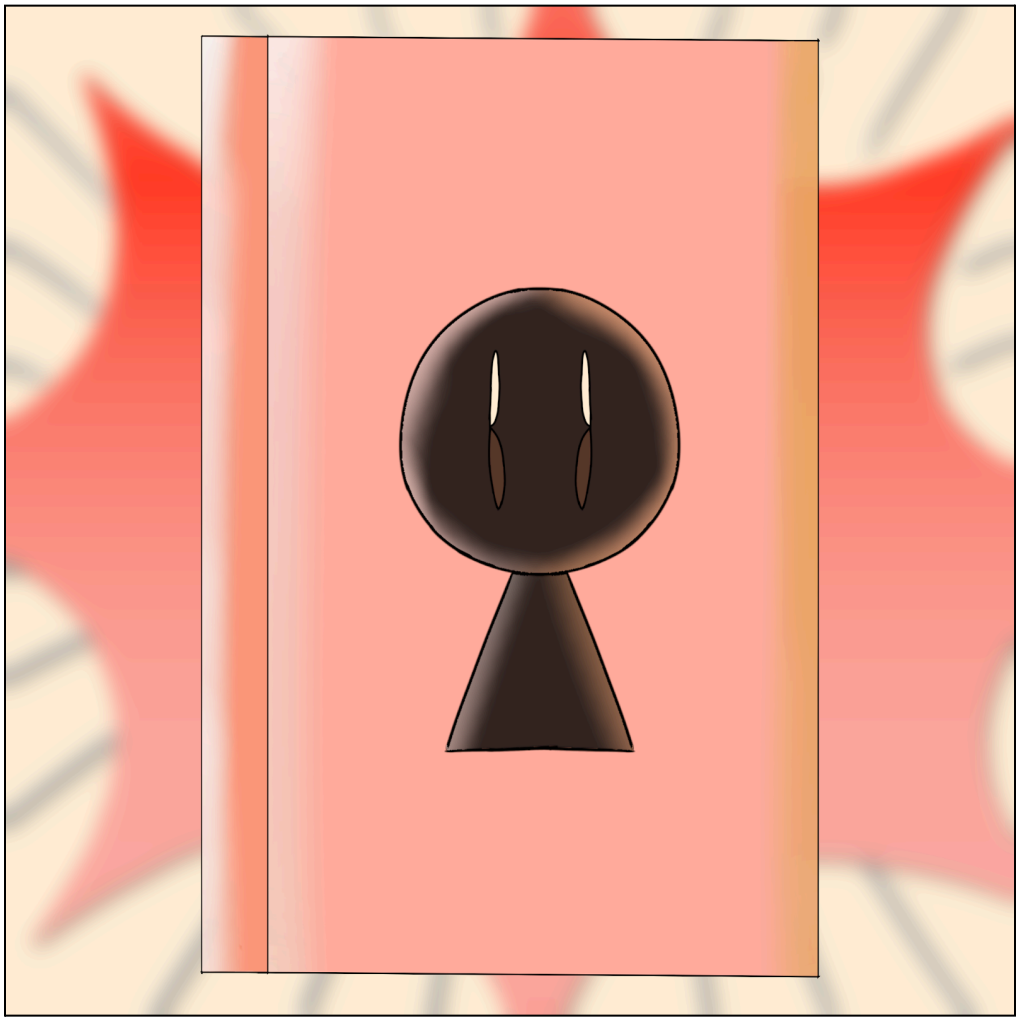
When I walked into my room and started to file the data digitally, I asked myself why I'm doin' this to begin with. Well, when I was in elementary school, I developed a habit of creatin' comprehensive lists of characters' appearances and speakin' roles per episode of every show I've seen. Then I was ready to leave my old school behind and I got a great idea. ʚ(｡•̀ ,<)~☆･+


LIST OF CHARACTERS: ME AND MY PALS
LIST OF CHARACTERS: PAINC PLANET
LIST OF CHARACTERS: BECK PRIM
LIST OF CHARACTERS: VERY IMPORTANT HOUSES
LIST OF CHARACTERS: MY FREAKIER FAMILY
LIST OF CHARACTERS: CONSTANT PAIN
LIST OF CHARACTERS: THE MODIFINEYERS
LIST OF CHARACTERS: STEVE AND LARRY
LIST OF CHARACTERS: THE RUMMFORDS
LIST OF CHARACTERS: CARMEN GETS SUSPENDED!
LIST OF CHARACTERS: KATZ CLUB
LIST OF CHARACTERS: A KITTY BOB SHOW
LIST OF CHARACTERS: NAEROIKATHGOR

To make sure I wouldn't forget anyone's name I crossed paths with, I decided to apply this method with people. Comprehensive lists are so huge that I always have to make sure that nobody can notice. Numerically, it doesn't mean that I like the person much. It's only how many times they appear. And it doesn't necessarily need to be in school either. Everywhere! (˶ˆᗜˆ˵)

#18

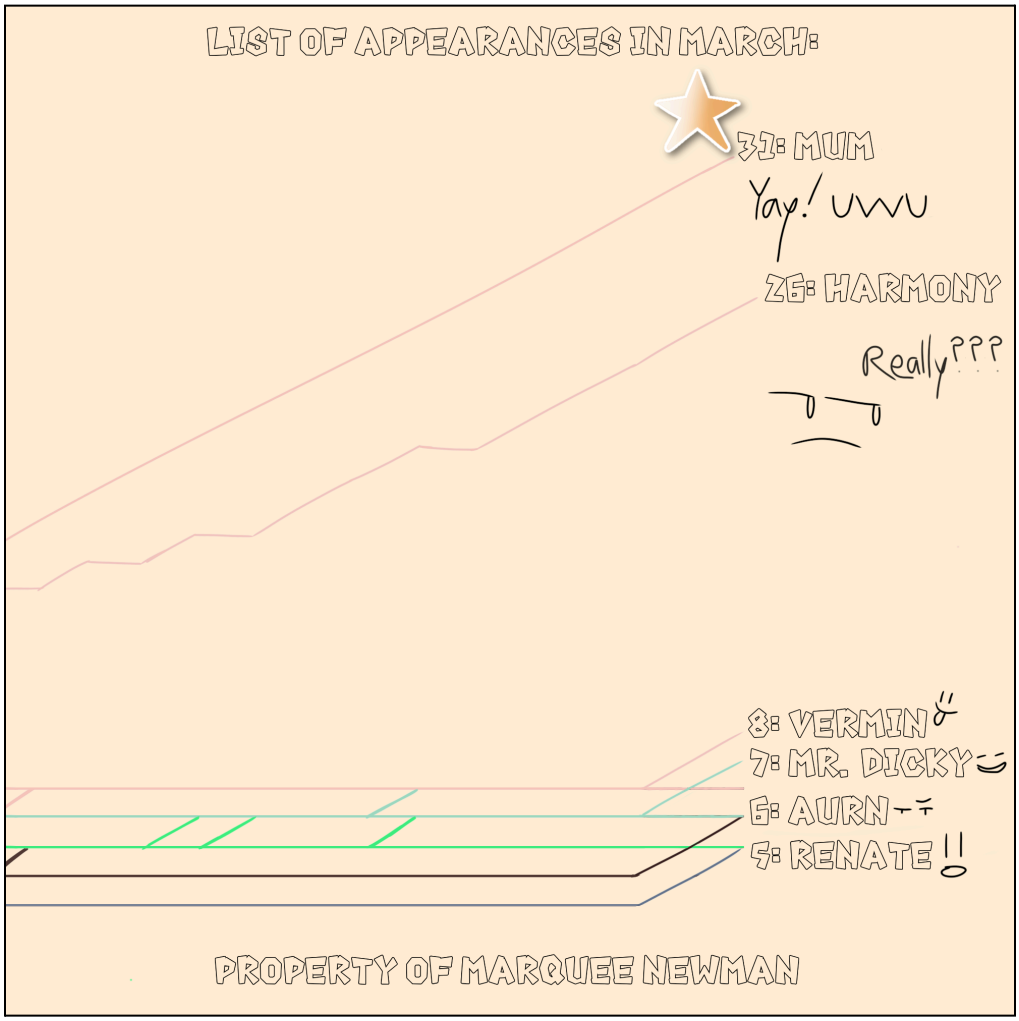
If I'm asked why I like long shirts so much, I say since they're cozy, which is true, but that's not entirely why. I must have a diary at all times, and due to how I label it as a diary, nobody ever cares to notice. They assume it's me writin' about my day. In actuality, even if I have to look closely at their nametags, I will do whatever it takes to get a good name. (ᴗ_ ᴗ。)



Only one name drop per day. It makes it even for everyone. And if I happen to not get their name, I will refer to 'em as the most humorous term I know. I never got the name of the lady who yelled at drivers and called 'em "nincompoops," I refer to her in the data as "the lady who said that those drivers were dirty little nincompoops" until she's proven otherwise. (□‿□)

#19

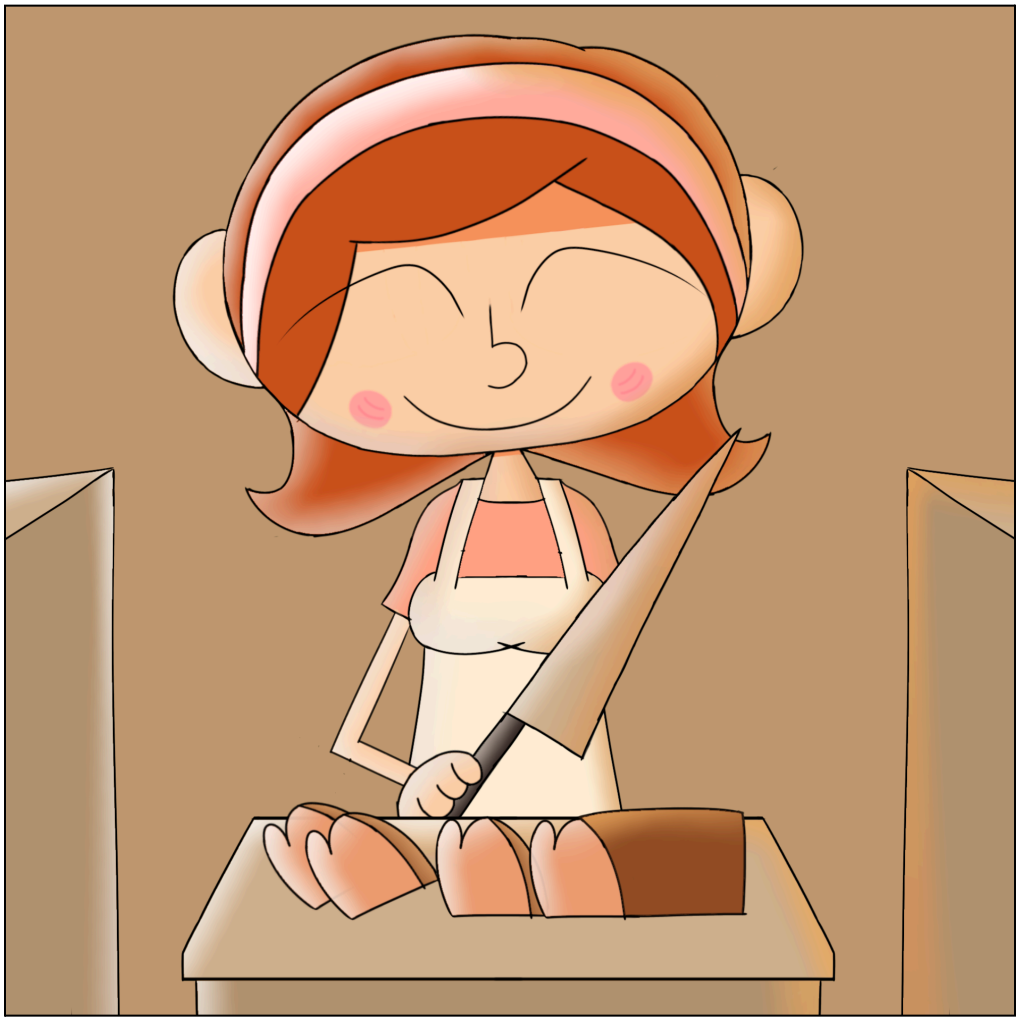
If I'm asked why I like long shirts so much, I say since they're cozy, which is true, but that's not ENTIRELY why. I must have a diary at all times, and due to how I label it as a diary, nobody ever cares to notice. They assume it's me writin' about my day. In actuality, even if I have to look closely at their nametags, I will do whatever it takes to get a good name. (ᵕ_ ᵕ。)



Granted, I've only done it once, but it's really nice. For the night, I ate mango apple pie that was left by the doorstop the other day as a promo. Nobody ate the large pie, but it was left untouched with some pasta. I ate under the danger of my mother alterin' me to check my room's electricity, and it needs to be wholly cleaned. It's been clean. Franky, when HASN'T it? (ˋ-ε-´)

#20

For dinner, my mum made bread. A sort of bread that I get confused by beards. Their names are RIDICULOUSLY super close to bein' similar. But words are the end of similarities. When I watched her cut slices, I felt confused by how pink it appeared. Food is never as pink, as long as they anythin' but sugar cookies or cotton candy. The candy is anythin' but hairy. ¸(¸-□-)¸



But when I took a closer look, hairiness was never the right choice to describe this bread. From the same makers behind banana bread, I guess she must've found a strawberry version, but I lacked the energy to go on grocery store trips with her lately. It seemed like it was only barley yesterday that they raised the prices of great value crackers by nickels. And never again. □°. .°□

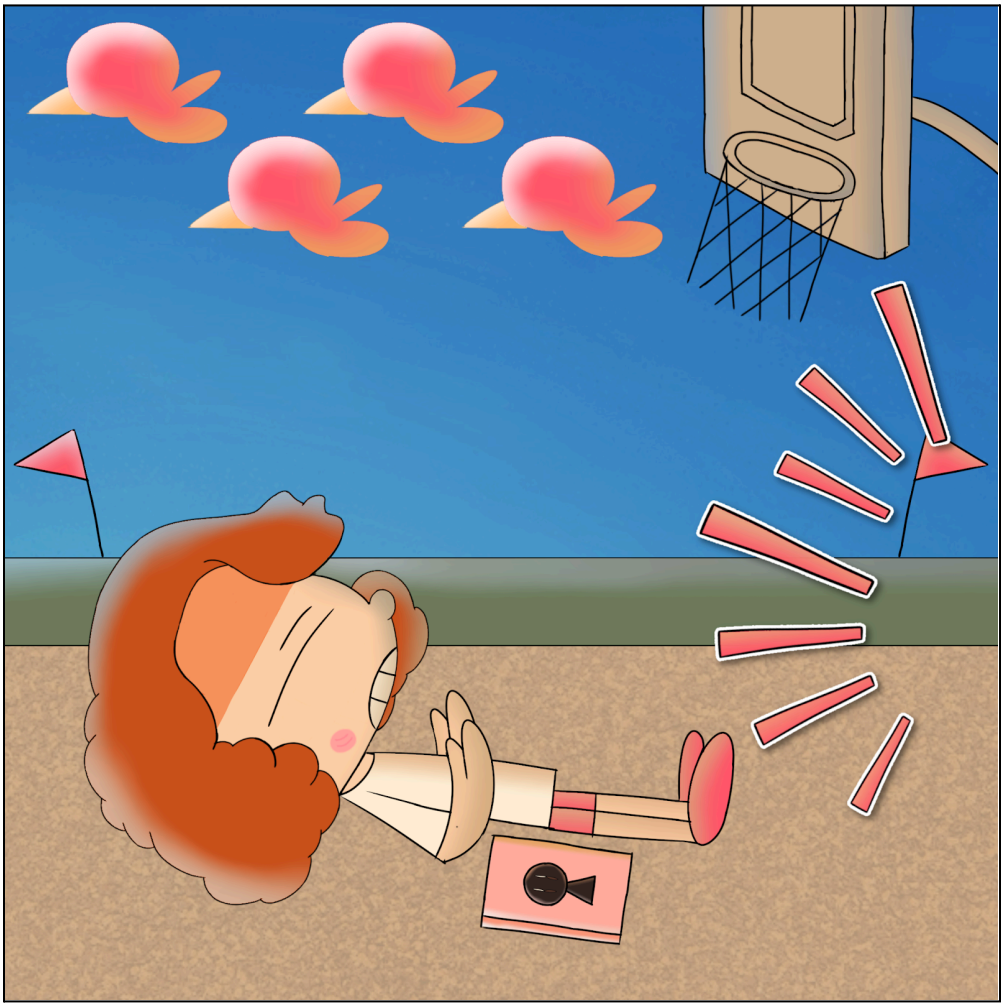
#21

It came out one ear and out the other. When a choir of students decided to chant, as soon as I wanted to get a good night's rest, I KNEW I was in for a rough time. I have no idea, but it must've gotten on for hours. This talk about faith? I assumed Christmas passed. Even when it appeared they finished, NO, it was down time. So many shrugs when it wouldn't finish. ("-□-)

When I briefly looked down, I saw it was Harmony at the center. She was in practice like the rest, but her eyebrows rose higher. Dressed in prestige black and white. Mouth wide and open to annoy me for another life. It didn't help that I developed a headache due to the aggressive bit of music and noises that bothered me at night. I hate it when noises are that loud! HATE!! (•̀ ⌄ •́)

#22

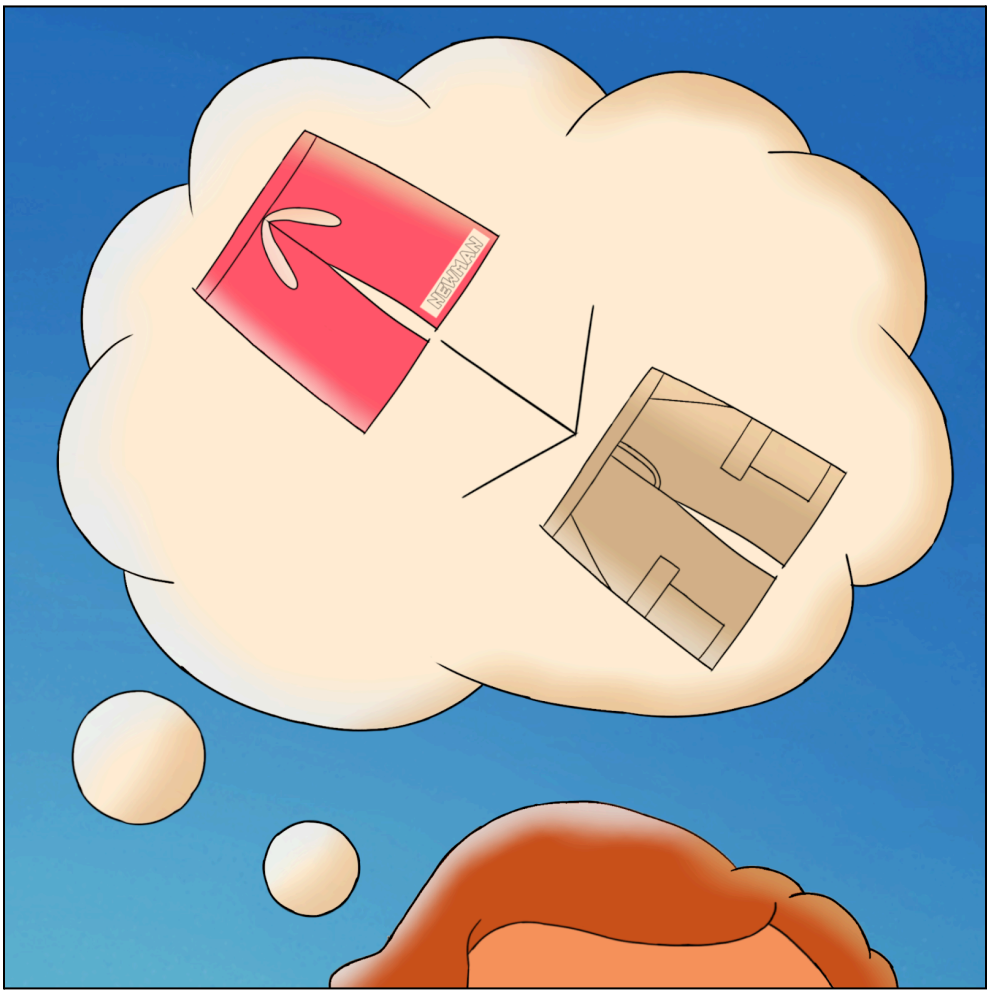
The next day, we had physical education. Utterly stinky and ridiculous that I have to wear red shorts and gray shirts for two hours. The worst part about the mile is that we're prohibited from wearin' jackets. I couldn't begin to describe how AWKWARD it is when a guy delivers news and I have to expose myself in clothes I don't want him to see me in. But alas, I did. (¬､¬)



Pretty floored from the trajectory of how this mile is structured. We have to run THREE long miles over the course of the field students play baseball in. We have to get it done before the period ends. If we don't, then we'll be forced to overstay our welcome. But as long as my shoes are tired and I slowly build momentum, it won't be that bad. And if it's bad, I'll be MAD. □_□

#23

But you know what is bad? As we are no longer ALLOWED to wear jackets on the mile, I DON'T have a good place to place and I need that to write who's in attendance. I know that the presence of Harmony is always present, but MANY of these peeps are absent or don't show up until the very end. I kinda sorta have it on me. I can't EXACTLY afford that, you know? (·•̀_•́)



To be fair, when he informed us last week about this new policy, I did sneak cargo shorts under my P.E. shorts to not make it look SO suspicious. It would be debaucherous to consider the details of how BAGGY it'd appear, but when you're ready to be on the run until you finish your objective, stereo equipment better not blast music to throw me off, or BUMP me in sand. □°. .°□

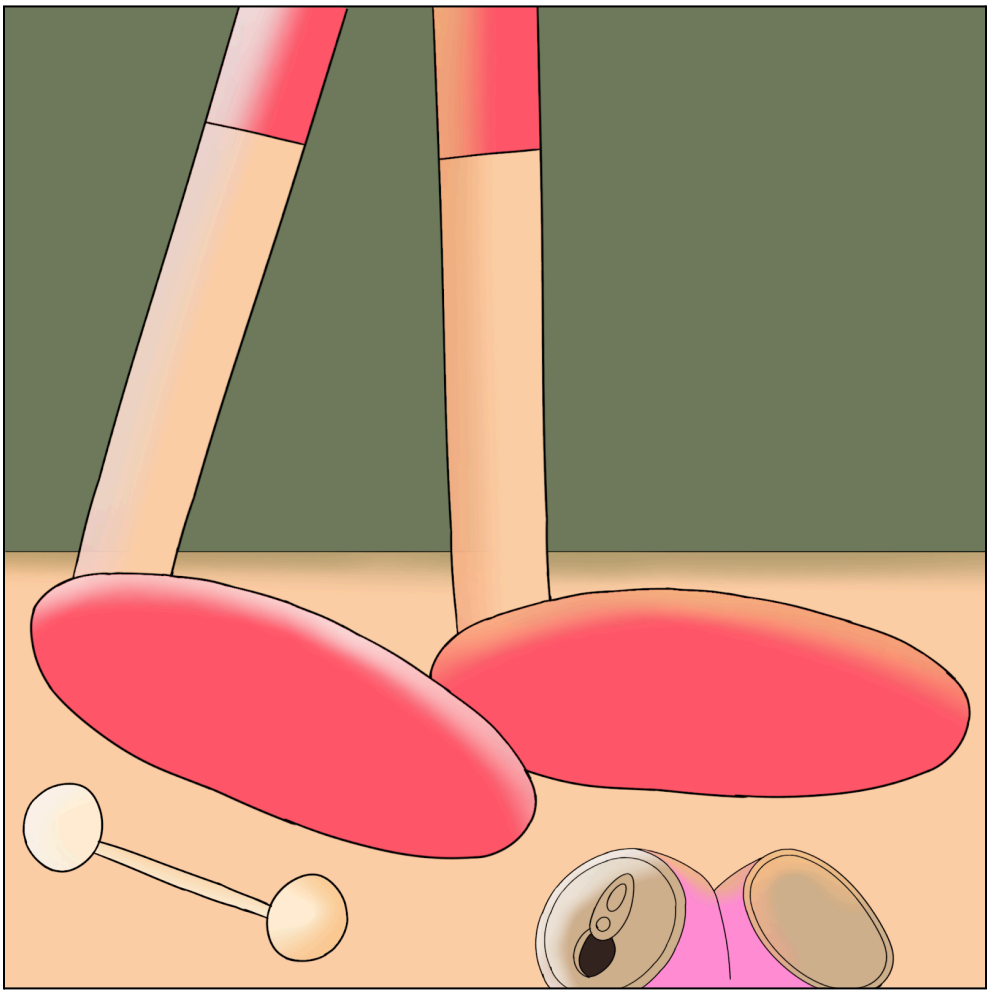
#24

But right as we were gettin' ready, someone was announced to have gotten a pink slip. Code for "you are saved from havin' sore legs for the rest of the week," and I THOUGHT I got lucky. Sweet. I don't have a contractual obligation to gasp for air. The boy looked familiar, but I couldn't exactly put my finger on it. Vermin Schmavo? I think that it was him. He's fine. ┐(-"-) ┌

Frankly, the most I EVER talked to him was durin' the earthquake drills, where he was one of the leaders. But I don't share any classes with him. I'll give him credit for his style of clothes. Each time I see him, he continues to surprise me. But I never get any of his pink slips. This time, Renate Brion. She was SO, SO happy. I was bummed that it wasn't for me. (〃 . .)

#25

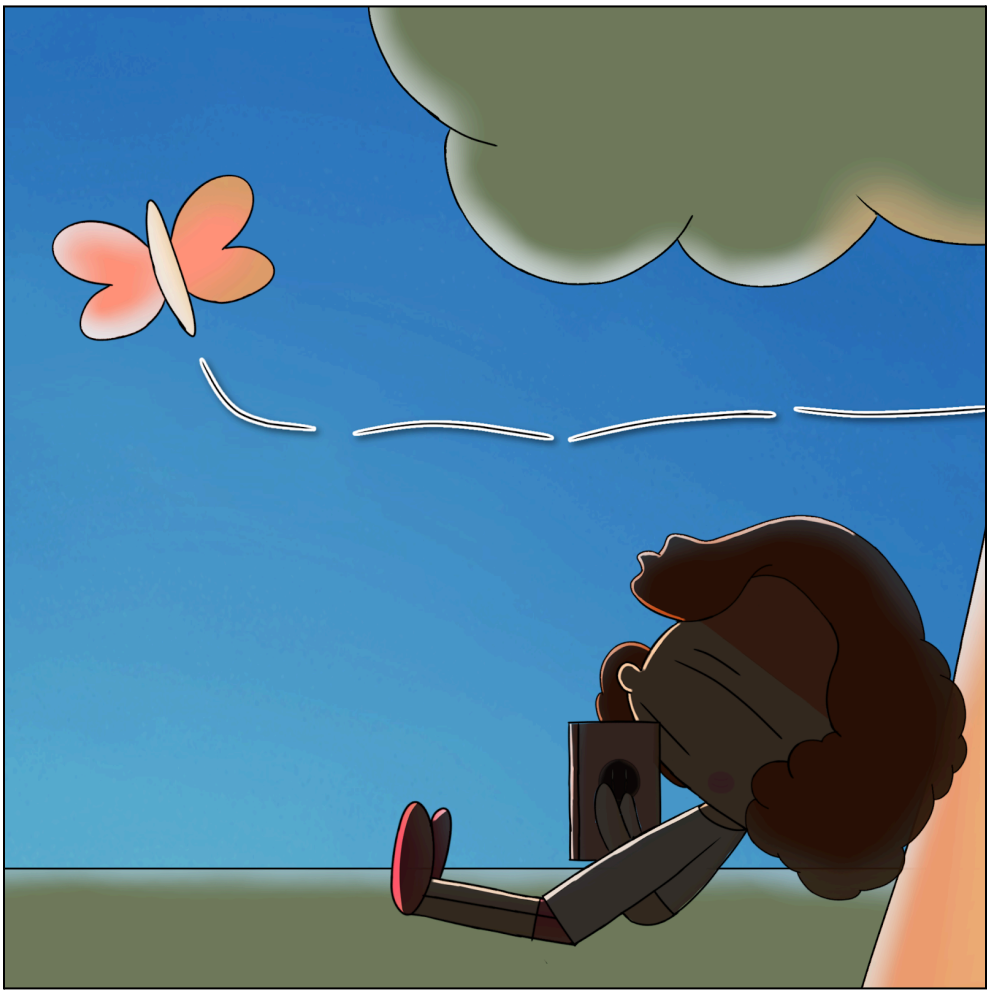
As our mile started, I slowly walked, while others ran immediately, only to lose their breath immediately. While I did run, I elected to switch between skippin' and runs in conjunction to boost me. It made the experience less TERRIBLE than I imagined, but the roundabout sand over the grass was a compass, except that they don't move. They only STAY in the time. (个_个)



Admirable how CONFIDENT I was, and how deplorable I was that it was bound to lose my breath anyway. While everyone else was barely on their second lap, I visited the great, wise tree near the fences. It's not like this tree is anythin' special. It's big, but it's big enough to be the coolest spot to not overwhelm me as much as the sun does to battle me to finish a mile. (ง •̀_•́)ง

#26

Overviewin' the names I wrote down today, I saw how mundane it was. I thought maybe a student would miss or a new student would be introduced, but no, everyone I expected was exactly there. I've read these names too MANY times. It can be humorous to see whoever I do recognize is better at homework, and who likes my meatballs on a dirty RAW dish. ᕦ(⇀ ‸ ↼)ᕤ



Sometimes, I write minor notes if there anythin' extra interestin' was present, but at the most, there isn't a whole lot to say. If they make me laugh over a joke in an introduction for who we are, then that's swell, but for the most part, nobody terrifies me in our meetings. As if I see most of 'em again anyway, given we don't talk in union sans group projects that vanish. (ˋ•ω•́)σ

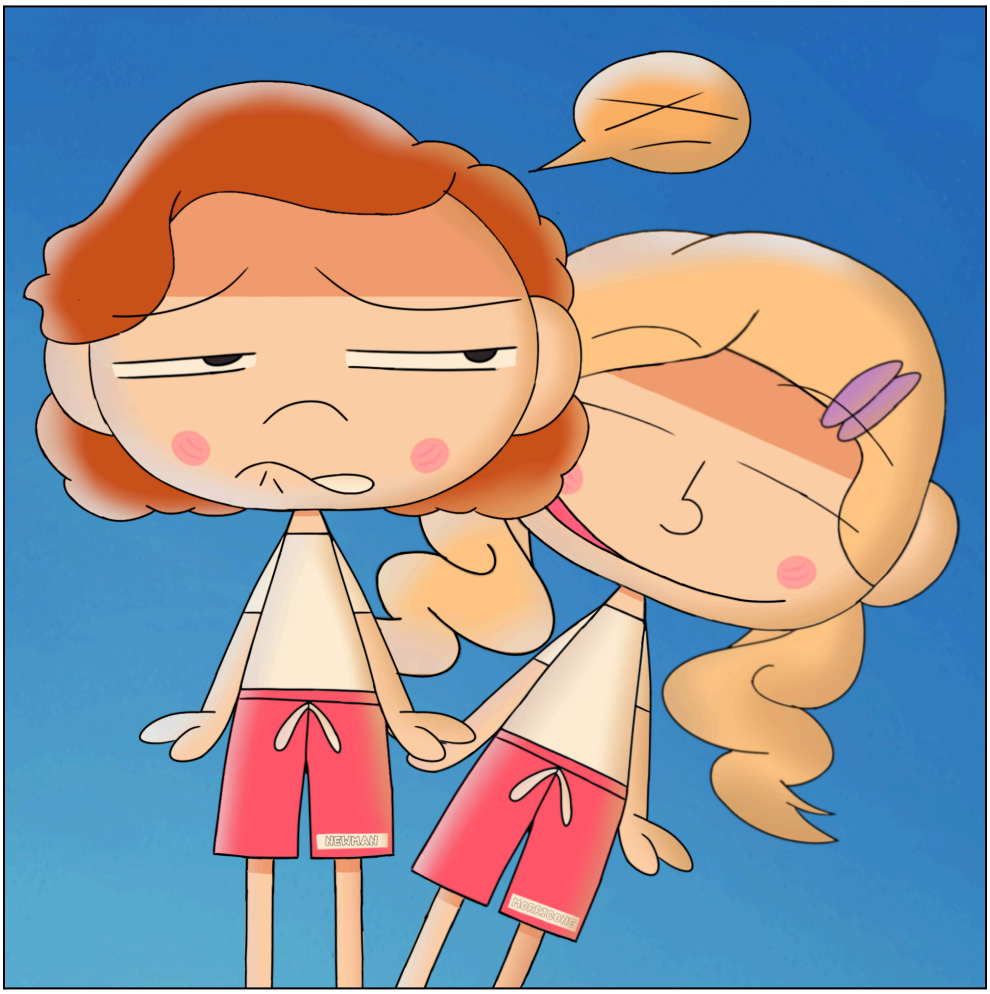
#27

“Huh, what are you writin’ down?” scared me, ‘cause I knew it was Harmony’s cutesy but womanlike voice. Fortunately, given the cover indicates a diary, it made it easy for her to brush it off as me writin’ my thoughts onto how I see life through minor lens. Unfortunately, I had my diary exposed OPEN WIDE right in front, meanin’ she got a GOOD, juicy look. . |_•)

“Is this for roll-call?” She teased, with THAT smug smirk. “You know that only prestigious professors do that, unless…,” her face started to collide all at once. “Aw, you have a super duper secret crush on someone cool? And this is your way of findin’ love for your future marriage? Oh my,” was too DUMB to make me either happy, mad, sad, or any emotion. (ㅜДㅜ)

#28

I was THIS close to given' her the puppy eyes to get back my diary, but my hair gettin' collidin' into my face made it impossible. But thankfully, it got lost in the shuffle and floated back, not to be touched by whatever golden chocolate would poop out. "It has nothin' to do with love. It has to do with rememberin' everyone's name," I said. I TRIED to say kinda good. ┐(￣ー￣)┌



"So, this is like preservation? Or for the yearbook? Or for me," was expressed with some of the most devious emotion I saw yet. "You know, this gives me a great idea. One could say that Marquee Newman had an idea, or even better, Harmony Morricone had an idea she could make better!" was all I had to hear, or at least, I ASSUMED. But alas, I stayed to hear her word. (_ _)

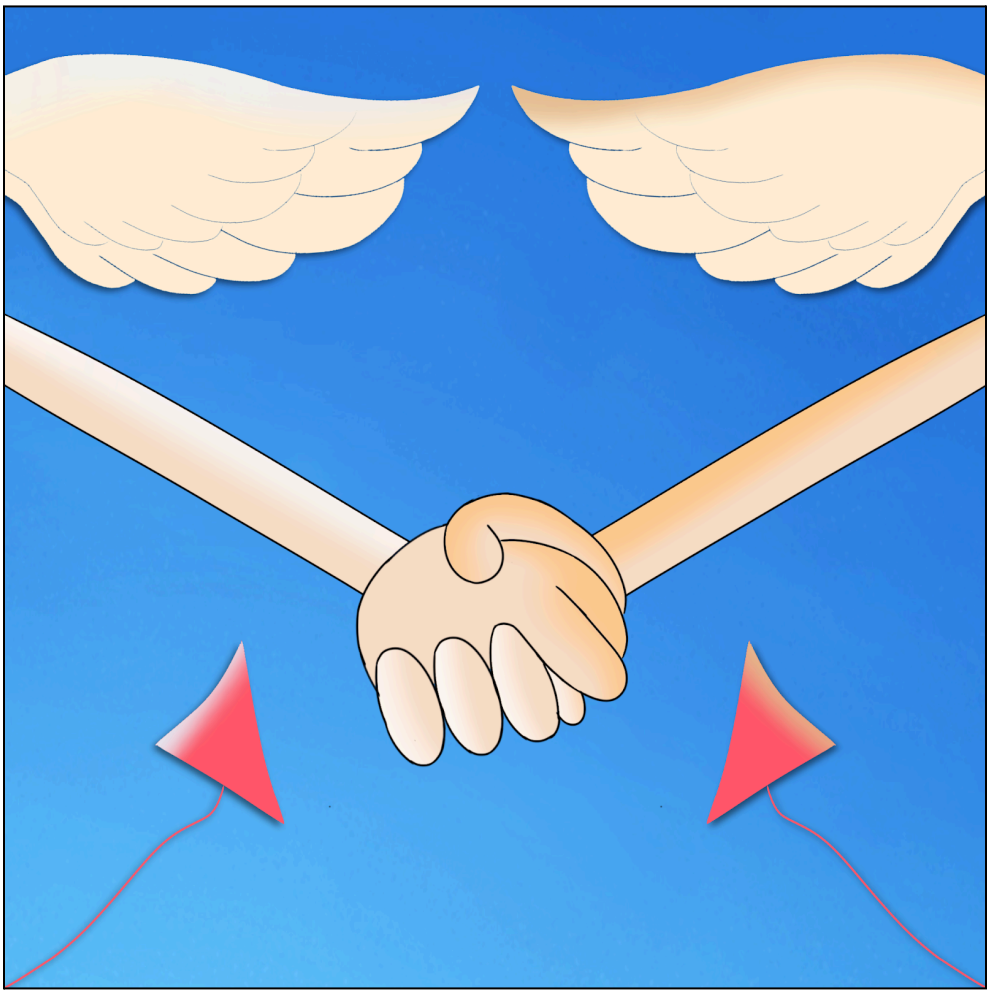
#29

“Hear me out. If you’re able to use this technique more than just writin’ names, it would be a pleasure if you could write down the names of as many aristocrats as possible for my next birthday bash, and I’ll help you get popular!” was laughed out of her mouth, but I could not get around what she was willin’ to negotiate. What was about ANY range of the aristocrats? (‘-’*)

“Oh, you’re confused? Well, it’s just that I don’t have a whole lot of people to invite, but if you’re able to meet some and write down their names, then that’d be great,” was what she said, but why not just regular students? Is it really this snobbish about her refusal to ask fellow fellow peers who attends regularly with? I’m sure a few would love to go with her. Or would? (●__●)

#30

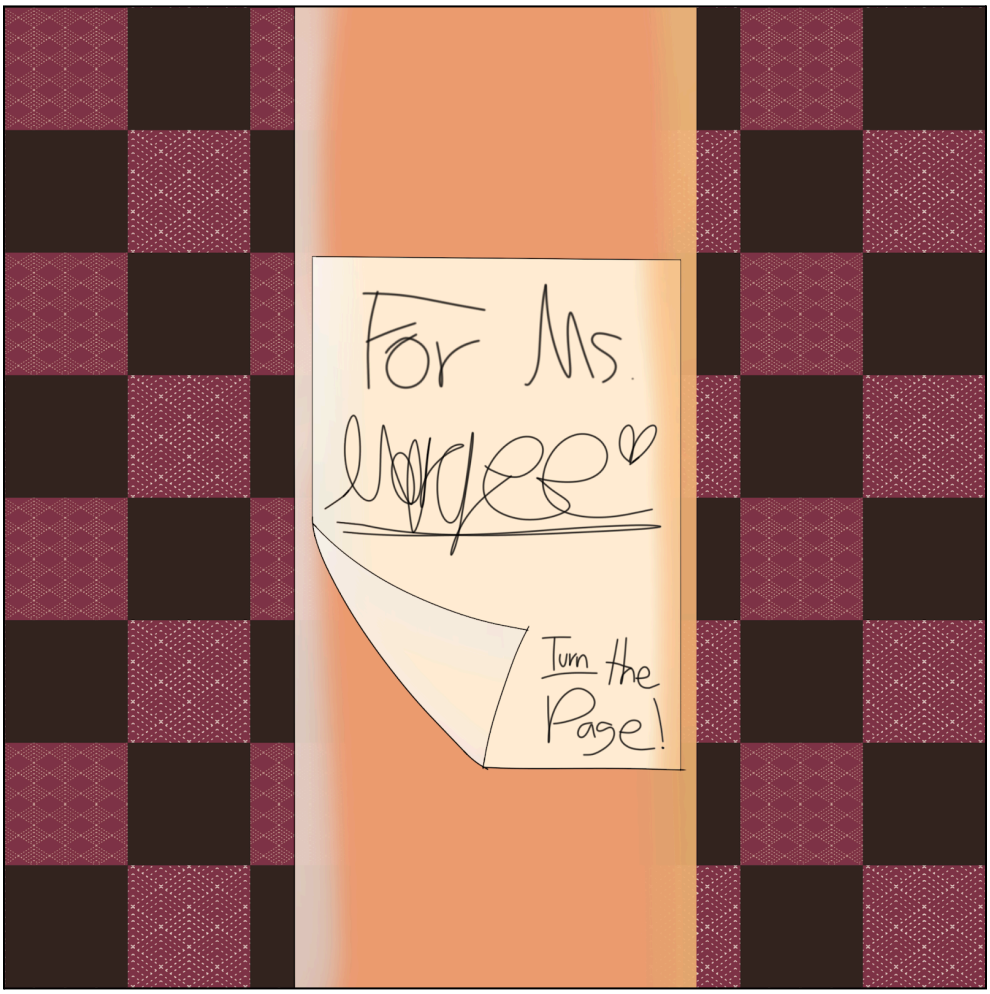
“Don’t be so snooty about it. Why not get friends from school?” I exercised in mild annoyance. “That’s simply not ENOUGH for me or my family. We need to get the best that we can afford,” was an extension of the perplexity, but it gave me a thought. For a change, I thought maybe some good will come of this ordeal into helpin’ her out. To get her common sense. (ʃ͡˘ ˘)



“I’ll help you. Just tell me how you want me to do this,” was what I settled on to say to her, immediately that I couldn’t give extra consideration. “Okay, try to find who are the most rich, elusive, dampened, people in-town, and have watercooler talk with ‘em to let you know your name,” was the last I heard before we went back to change. It made me STIRN. (ಠ _ ಠ)

#31

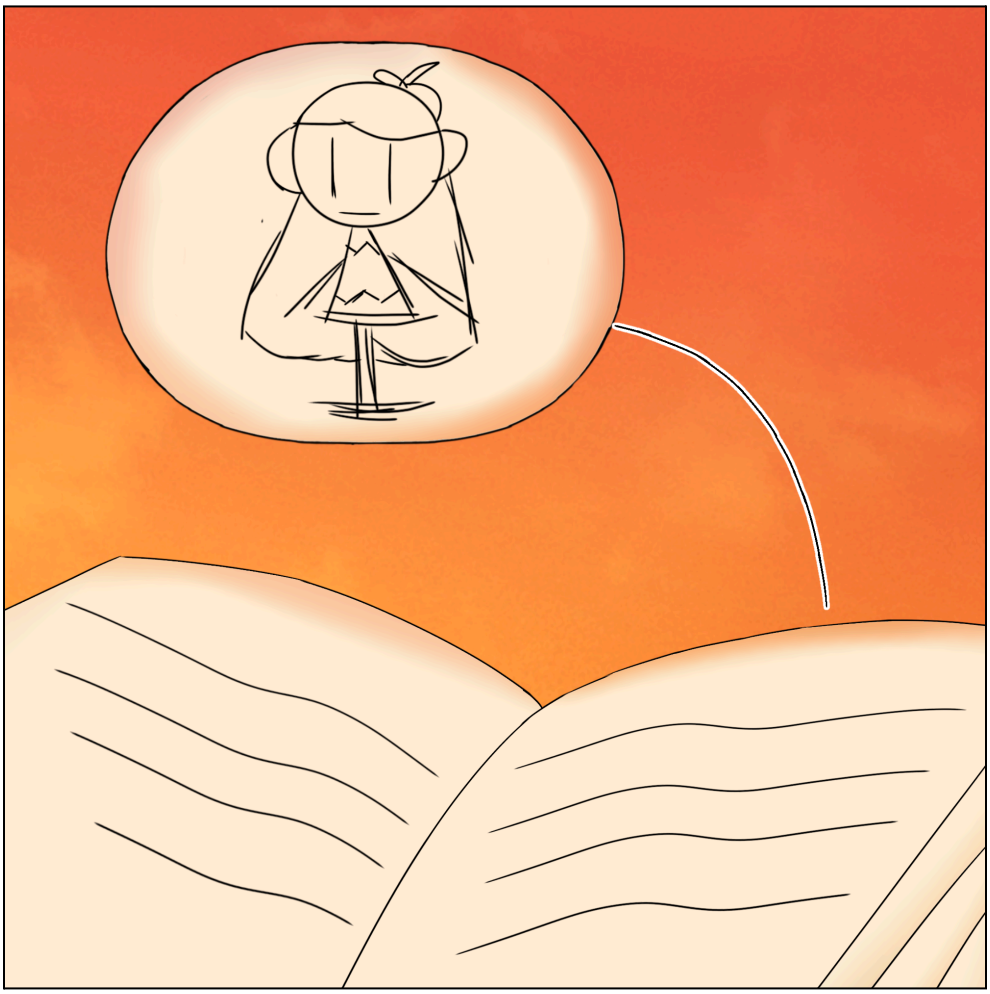
When we went to our respective lockers, she passed me over somethin' in a folded white napkin, more pretty than ones I usually see. As I humored about what would be the best place to find aristocrats, she pointed at what job I have to make connections. "I don't have a job, so I can use that," was my response, RIGHT as Harmony left to go. She LEFT me stuck confused. (。••。)



If I were to foretell what program I'm currently at, I looked over the school's billboard of various promotions and offers, until I SEE a cookie. I was in Girl Scouts for a little while, and I guess I technically never resigned my position to have to sign another application. That's enough to count as where a new aristocrat may have joined us. There wasn't ANY sort before. □ □⌓□□

#32

Later that day, I traveled to get my scout uniform and see if my last counselor was at her HQ. She was, but the answer did not assume me. Basically, she said we weren't goin' to sell further cookies for half a year from now, but she did have boxes of peppermint and lemonade cookies that were never sold. She asked if I could deliver 'em. I also needed her name.. (*′⊙‿⊙)



While on the sidewalk, offerin' cheap value and prices, nobody was interested, and CERTAINLY no one was an aristocrat. However, there was a girl with a fancy egg hat that wanted 'em for a good exchange. We had a modest talk about cookies, but her name, Diaz Scoutings, appeared to me that she could pass off as an aristocrat. She's FAMOUS?? ω◡ω

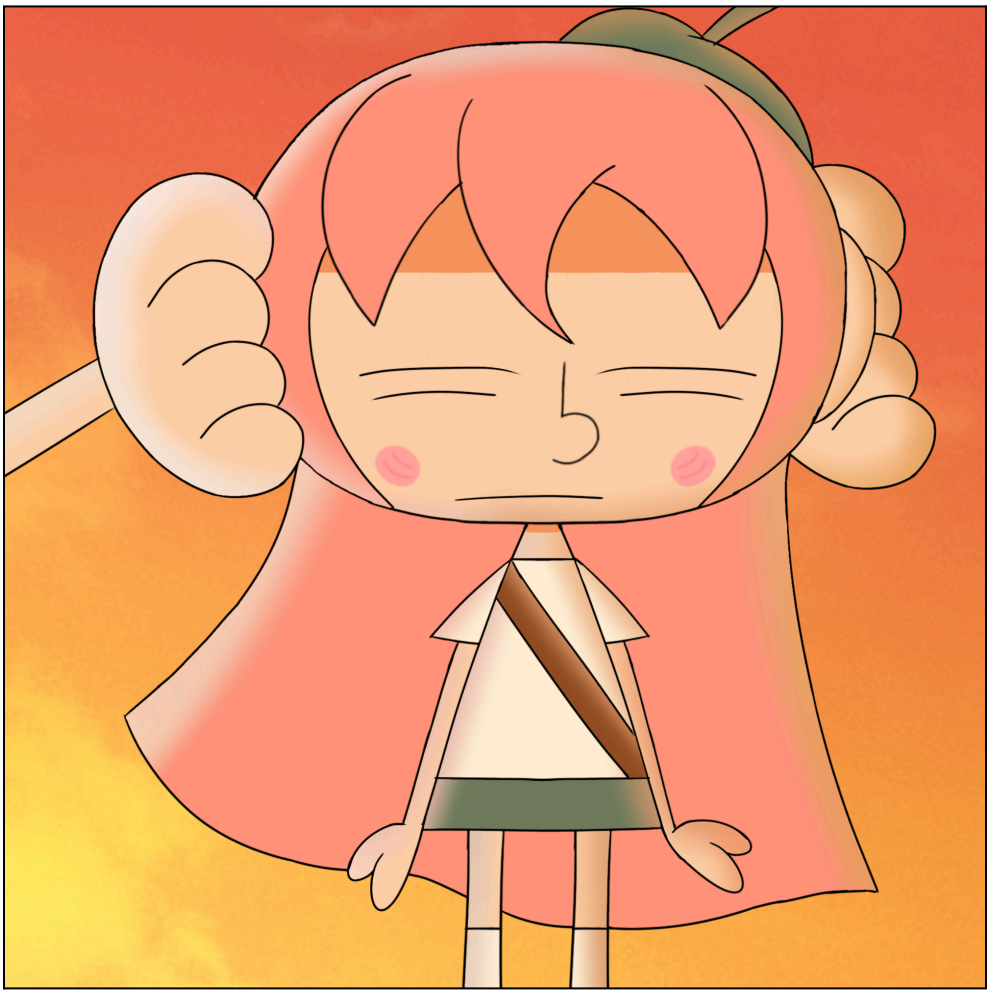
#33

Or that's what I assumed based on our talk. “Do you think you can deliver another box of lemon cookies to the other side of the neighborhood? I got an extra box,” she declared right as Mum was about to pick me up. “Sure? How many minutes will it take to get there?” I quietly asked. “No less than half an hour,” she stated. That WAS fine. Even if we had to walk. .(퓽 ‿ 퓽)

“I don't know anythin’ about you. I don't know if I need to” she broadcasted while we walked down. Like, of course I don't know you. You're half my age. I'm not expectin’ someone to have the knowledge my mother or classmates do. But do you have to be THAT rude about how YOU broadcast it in such a harsh light? I'll know you when I respect you. So fair? -`д´-

#34

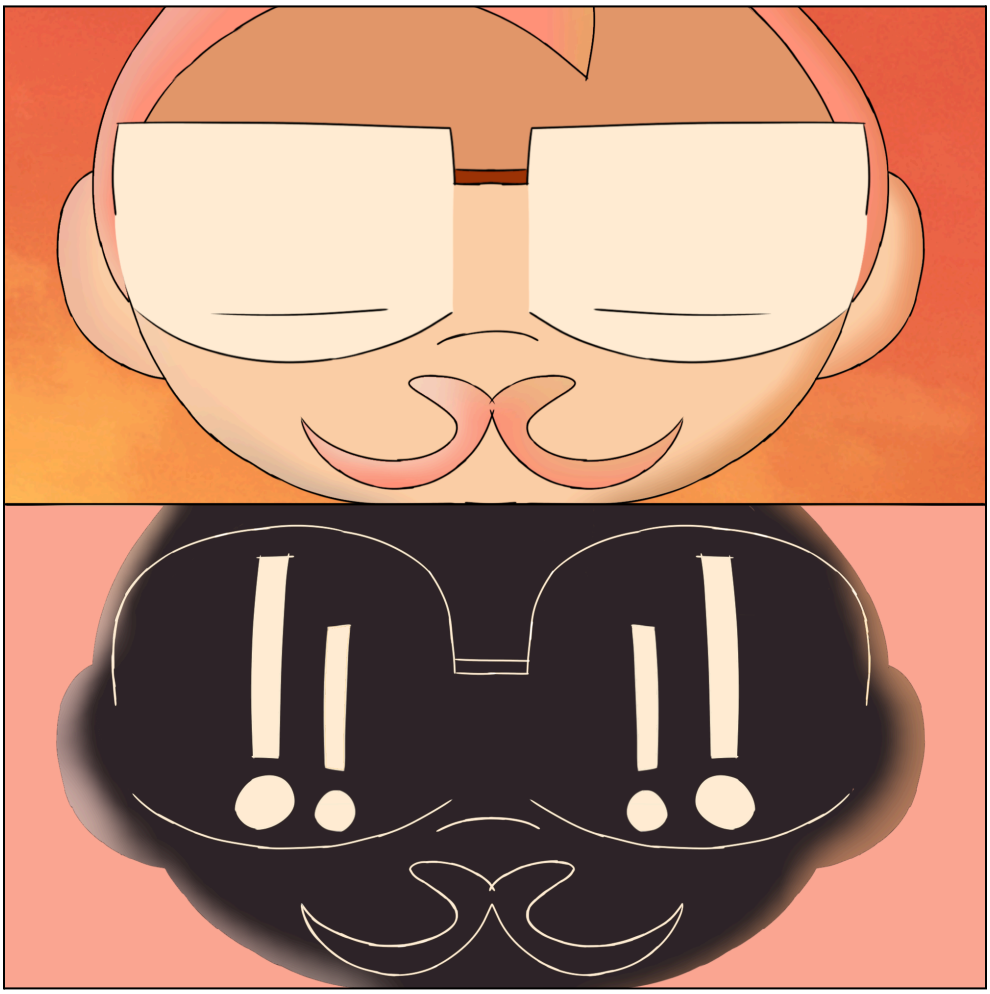
“He's just out of commission, ‘cause he drank too much. I feel I need to stop into his role,” was her response. I think she knew the look of my face wouldn't make her last long with me. But WHO is out of commission? Our scout leader didn't have a husband or brother. “I mean my dad. He's been out of commission since my trip. Not exactly doin’ great,” she said. (´•_•`)



“I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to act that rude myself,” was the outcome of my guilt. NOW I look like the one who needs to be respected to be known. “Ah, it's fine. You don't communicate every swear word in your vocabulary to me if you have issues,” made me feel good, AND bad. I decided to carry her spirit up in the air. So, the walk WAS way more enjoyable that way. (˶ˆᗜˆ˵)

#35

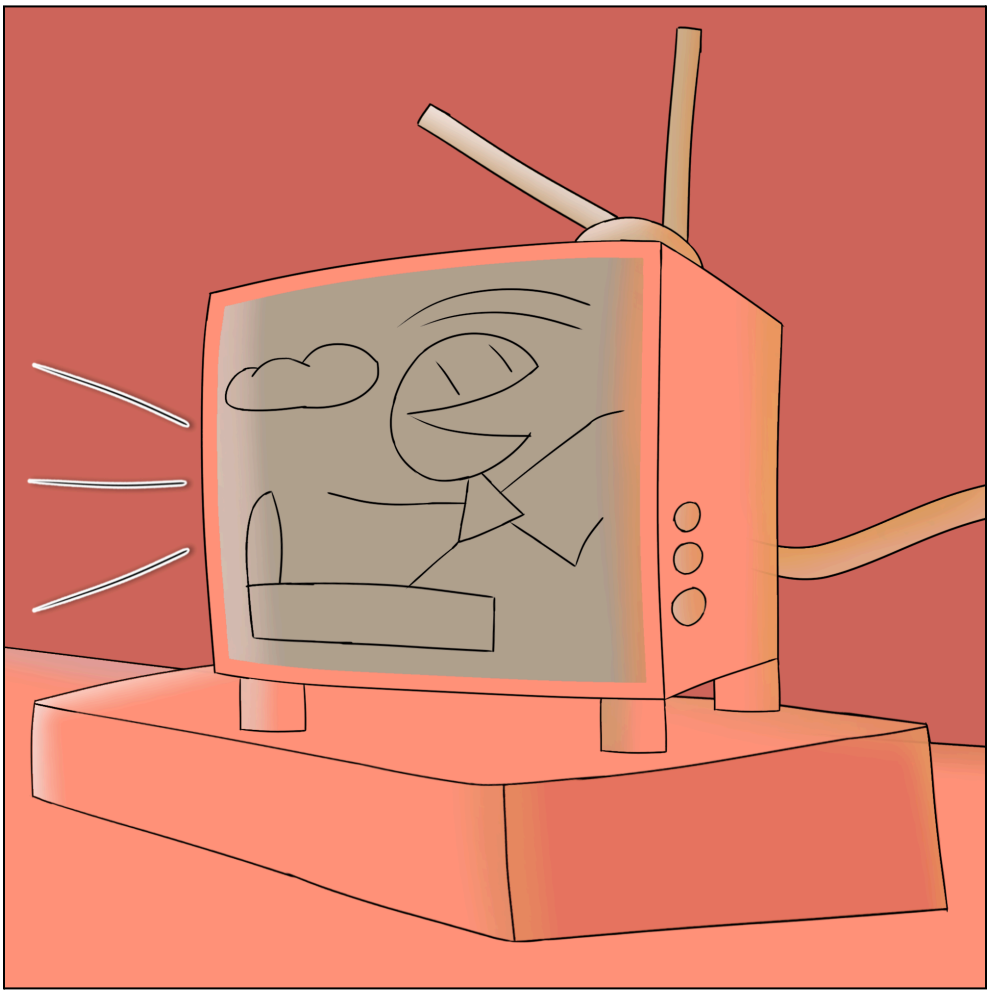
When we finally got the house she was in search of, I expressed how she knew what exact house to go to when scouts mainly orbit around the streets to knock against doors to see if there is any interest from grown-ups for cookies. She declared “After I received the package, I noticed the address was stamped so aggressively that it hurt to read,” so loudly it HURT! (;´ - `;)



We knocked. He KNOCKED. We nodded. HE NODDED. We asked if he wanted our lemonade cookies. He asked WHY he would want our lemonade cookies. We said he'd think it was goin’ to be tasty to him. We said he'd think it was goin’ to be GROSS to him. Diaz asked “Daddy, why are you like this to strangers and daughters?” He regretted it INSANTLY. (•́ ‸ •̀)

#36

When he tried it, he thought it was PERFECTLY okay. He didn't outright say the words, but the movements on his face suggested anythin' more than mild joy would be a huge, stupid, understatement. He paid us money, but given this was her father, she chose to stay with him and end our duty there. Not like we had any other plans to commit today. Surely, I didn't. . ┐(´д`)┌



In the livin’ room, they were playin’ the "Go to Sleep, Livin’ Man" movie. I haven't seen it yet, but the title makes me interested. Every livin’ man goes to sleep. What makes one man ANY different? Gettin’ to know their full names was no easier said than done on a stack of warm lemonade plates we chuckled about that day. He just told me to keep real name between us. •□•

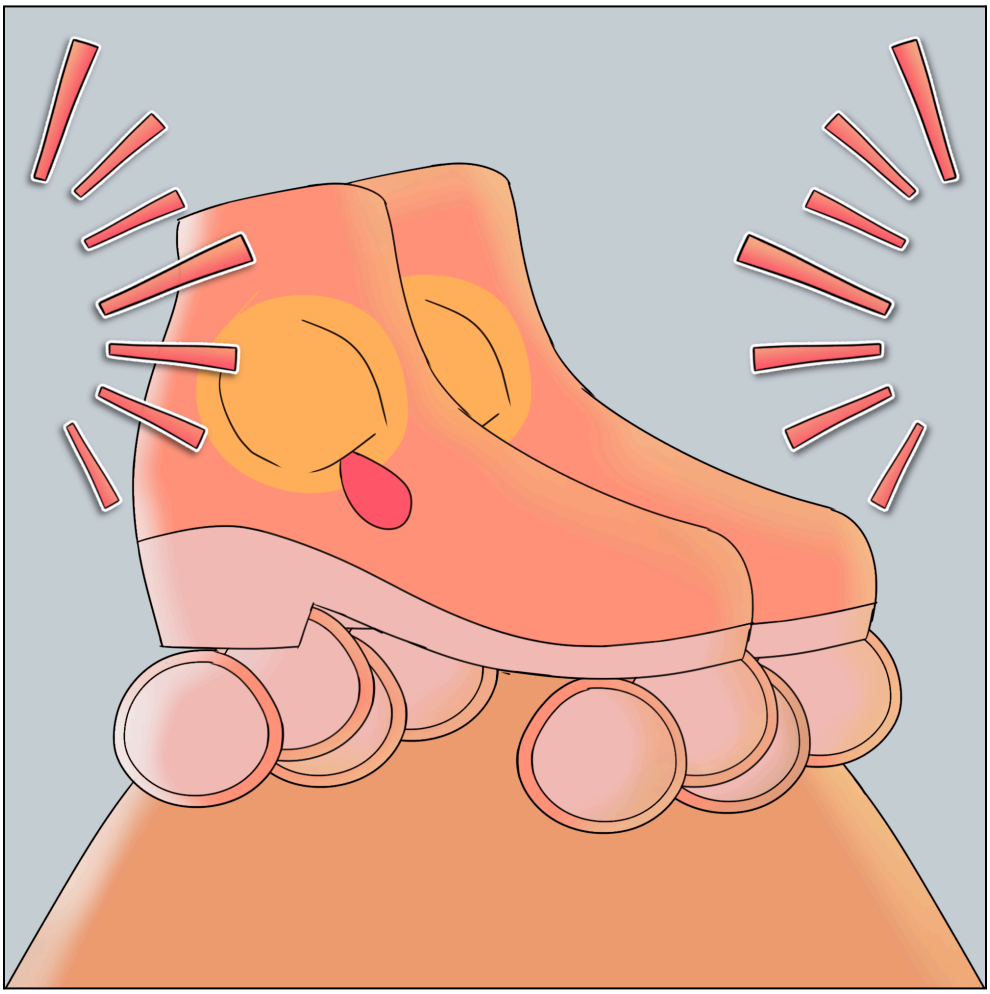
#37

The next day, my mother invited me to the shoe store, as she needed a new pair of heels. To be frank, I didn't NEED to go, but I thought I'd be appropriate to go so I didn't look lazy. I asked if I could go by myself to look at the shoes. She said as long as I don't try to make eye contact with men. What men? I don't know any men. ONLY boys can flirt with my soul. (。- .•)

The great part of this thrift store is that the shoes aren't nearly as expensive as the regular traditional mall chains. They're usually half the price they used to be. And they keep on enticin' us for a membership so we can get a star each time we return. If we get five stars, they allow us 25% off a purchase. Can't say it hasn't helped us when we NEEDED the discount most. 〃´□`〃

#38

While I was browsin' the shoe collection, there was a certain pair on display that got my interest as soon as I saw 'em. These hot pink roller skates that were just COOL to me, since I used to own 'em. Then my mum threw 'em away. It makes me annoyed if she asks if I still want my old toys and clothes. Keep 'em. Or donate 'em to just ANY thrift store in the west. (•̀ - •́)



Really, these should only be used for Harmony's birthday bash, but in general, I want to use 'em besides parties. If I want to go to airplane parks, I'll dash in a rush. If I ate spicy pickle sandwiches on a date, I want to look ELECTRIC to impress the love of my life, to toast for our date. But right as I was ready to try 'em, I heard a gossip talk that wouldn't quite stop. (˚ ₀ ˚)

#39

Overhearin’ what they talked about, it was shoes. Fair. But only this chatter over “puke dressers" and “lantern astronauts” hit me with confusion. One was dressed in a very thin leather jacket, while the other was in clothes I could only describe as PURELY made of unicorn hair. I REALLY thought her scrunchies were cotton candy. I WANTED to eat ‘em. (*□ ͡° □□ ͡°)

“Do you know where they sell lantern astronauts in this store?” was the question I started the conversation with. “They sell ‘em at the back with the novelty toys for kids,” the one with scrunchies described. “Are they any good?” I enlightened back. “ I had one last summer, but you HAVE to make sure they don't hit your eyes,” she alarmed me for high safety protection. (♂ ‿ ⁰)

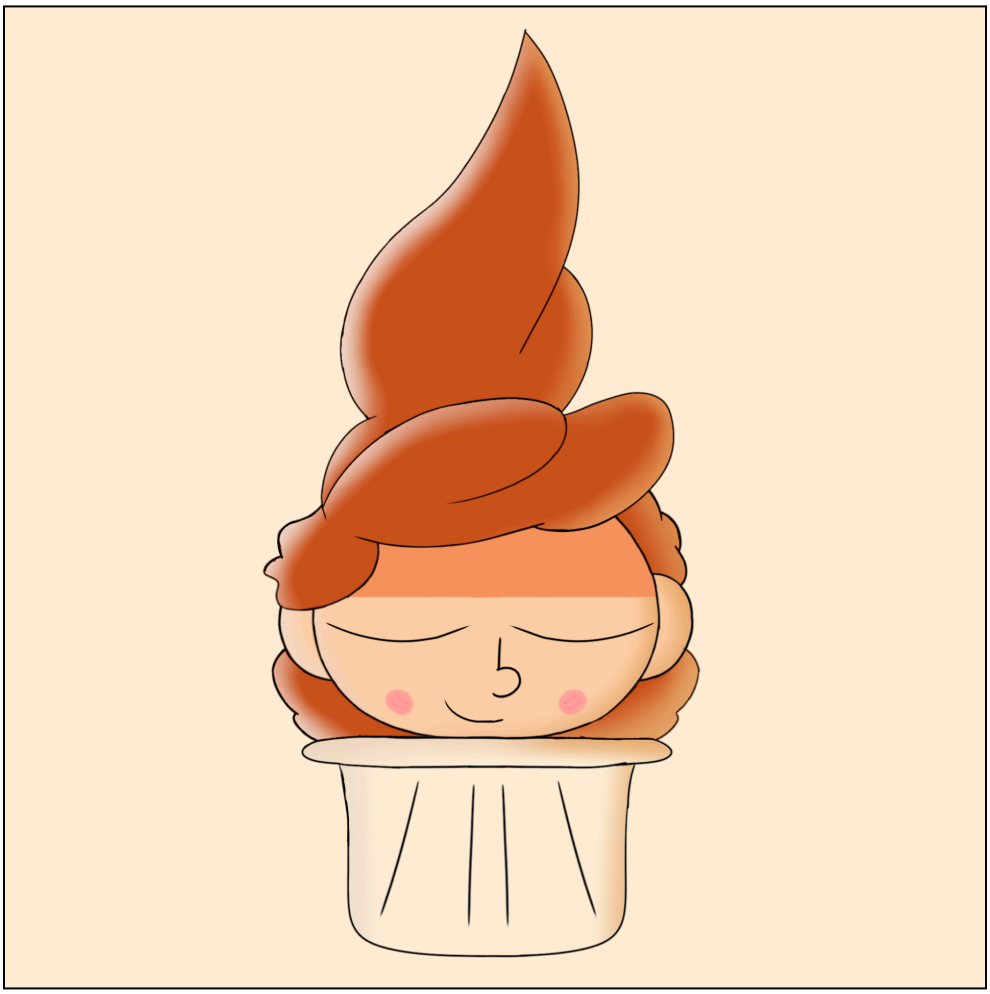
#40

“But was it any good for you?” I asked, as I don't think she was very CLEAR. “It was fine. Nothin’ more than a suitable replacement for room lights,” she said. “How much does it cost at retail price? It can't be THAT much,” I replied. “Do you consider $49.99 a lot, not also countin’ tax?” Maybe,” she smirked back. Eh, I think it kinda is for a middle schooler. (ˊ• ≈ •ˋ)

“Don't get it twisted. That isn't much when you snoop around stores like a darn goddess,” her pal expressed with TIGHT enthusiasm. “Yeah. Like a goddess,” I smiled back with. “Mind I ask where you got those rollerblades from?” She ALSO smiled back. “I got these back at the shoe area. I think they have a few more,” I giggled too. What a JOY it was to have. ٩(≽ᗜ≼)۶

#41

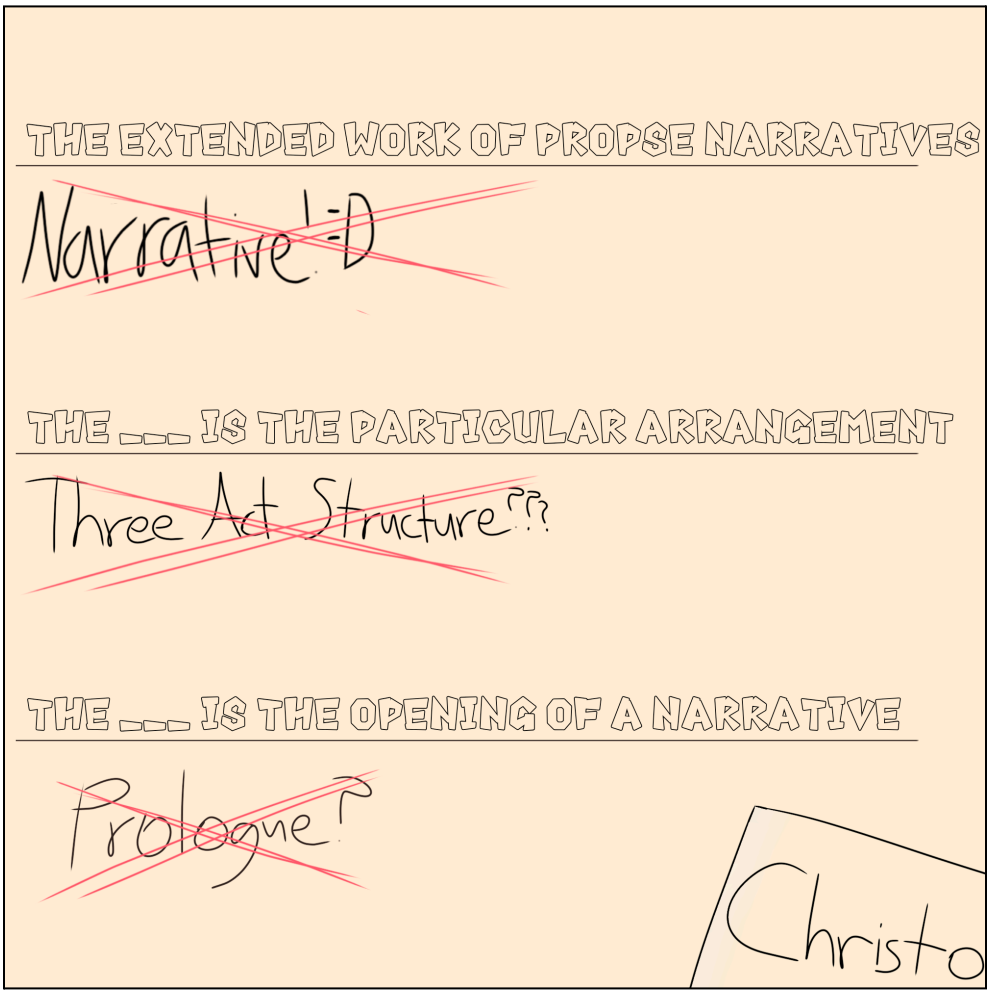
“Thanks. We'll look into ‘em!” She bounced with passion. “Cool cool. Is it okay if I ask what your names are?” was the line that was either goin’ to make or break me. “I'm Grace Cara Corigliano,” she said. “And well, I'm Fatima Emilia Zimmer. A pleasure to meet you too!” was what she said. “I'm Marquee Newman,” I said back. Happily, right as I HEARD footsteps. (´◡`)



“You made some friends?” My mother affirmed with positivity. I think I did? It's a little puzzlin’ when this is all to appease someone else. But you know, we were ready to leave with our items. I NODDED I did. Everyone appeared satisfied. I wrote down their names into my entry and exchanged phone numbers. My mum took me to freeze yogurt as a treat for it. ´•ᴗ•`

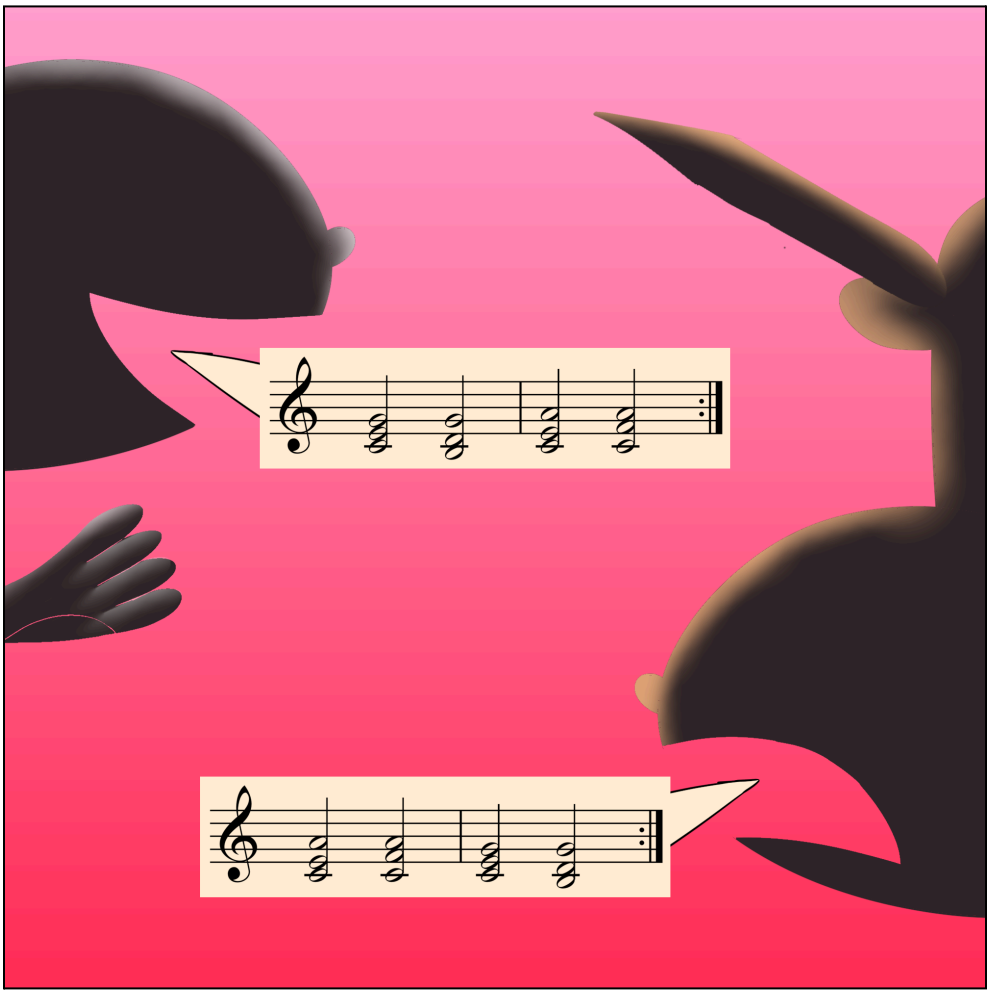
#42

On another day, we had another dreadful test exam about poem terms and words I have goldfish-tier memory about. Unfortunately, this is bound to continue my streak into always failin' these dreadful cruelties. But on the flip side, I managed to craft the wrong answers, so I can ask what the right answers are. But the professor just HAD to leave as we started. (ㅍ_ㅍ)



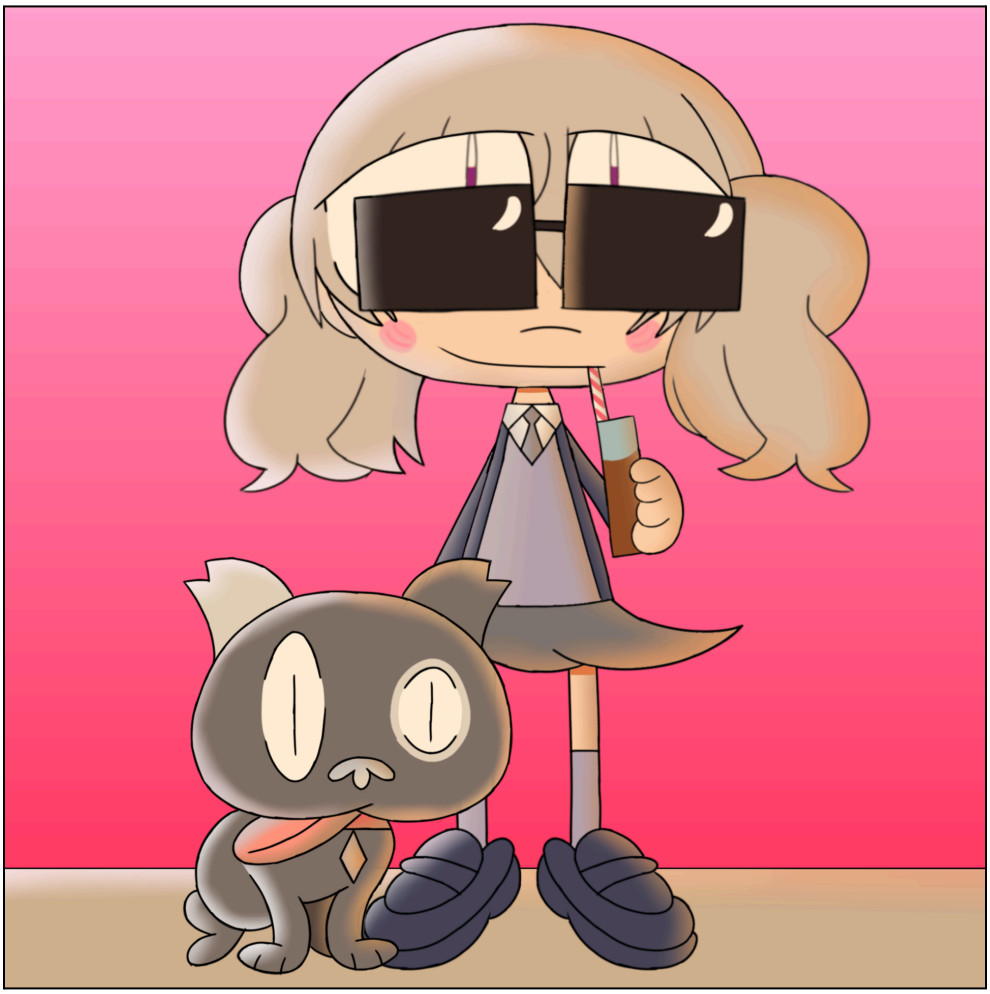
I would never attempt this again, but against my will, I asked a new kid in class to see if he could help me. His name was Christopher Tyson, and he was way just too kind for what I had expected. I felt nothin' but an icky feelin' through our talk. He was pleasant, but I was probably gettin' the BAD pink slip if I was caught doin' this ever. It MUST be a secret between us. ｡^‿^｡

#43

Later that night, I had raw chicken dinner at grocery stores and import shops. I couldn't imagine a person more happy than my mum's sister to be in love with pasta shrimp, and I also couldn't consider a person more upright to eat VERY sauceless and raw meatballs as me. Like, SERIOUSLY, this would get you into Advanced Health, with twice the diplomas!. (- ~ -)

But the craziest thin' happened outside, as we were leavin' gettin' our refills, I saw a few peers from Music Theory class. Of course, I had to chat with 'em, while I waited for the rest of my family. We talked about her next study of what cord goes first, and I already KNEW their names from before, but for clarification's sake, I wrote down their names. WHATEVER. * ´Д` *

#44

“Hey, Marquee,” Reine spoke to me directly. And I KNEW it was her off the tip of her tongue. “How did it feel to skip the mile?” I asked. “It made me feel beatific that I was called for havin’ a headache,” she expressed with the same elegance as Harmony. “Believe me, I'm glad I counted my lucky stars the night before that I prayed to skip the mile,” she declared. 눈_눈



“Ah, did Harmony tell you about her birthday bash?” I spoke about if she'd cared a tad about goin’ to it. “Her birthday is soon? I thought it was durin’ summer break,” was confusin,’. “She didn't send you an invite? I thought most were an aristocrat to her,” I assumed. “Listen, Malcolm Lockjaw Junior High is LUCKY to consider her popular,” she assured HARD. ◑.◑

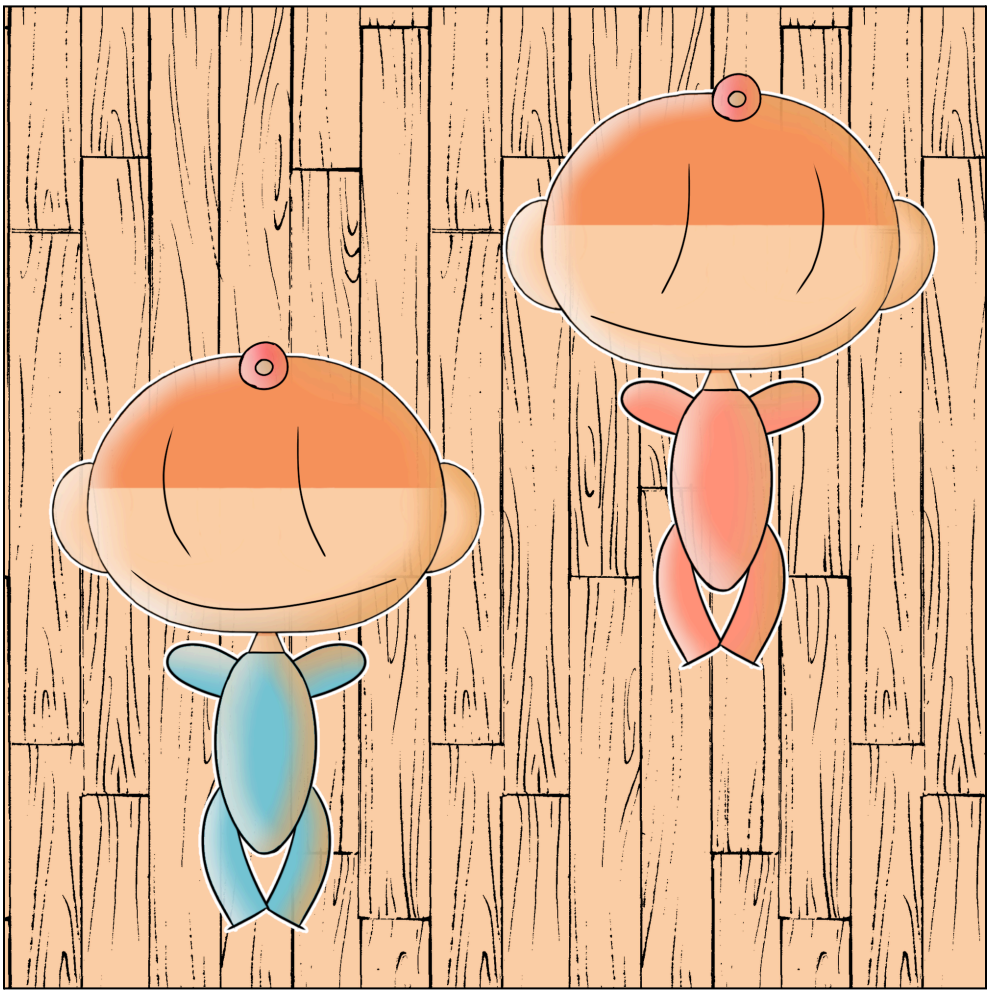
#45

Right as she is ready to leave, I got a good look at her pug. One eye out the other. I only know she has a pug after she ACCIDENTALLY spilled the beans durin' a partner jog. She said she got it from a shelter that relocated near the state's biggest theater. Which is only twelve miles from where we live. He's SUPER cute. I was so HAPPY she let me pet him well!!! (≧▽≦)

"Don't get too comfortable. My uncle needs Iso to pee on his newspaper for comfort," was the warnin' I got, but I wasn't necessarily mad about it. Sometimes, it's a pleasure to havin' experience somethin' then not at all. I knew Mum wanted me home sooner than later, so I left with a BRIGHT smile on my face, now havin' written down a pug's name into my diary. 。^‿^。

#46

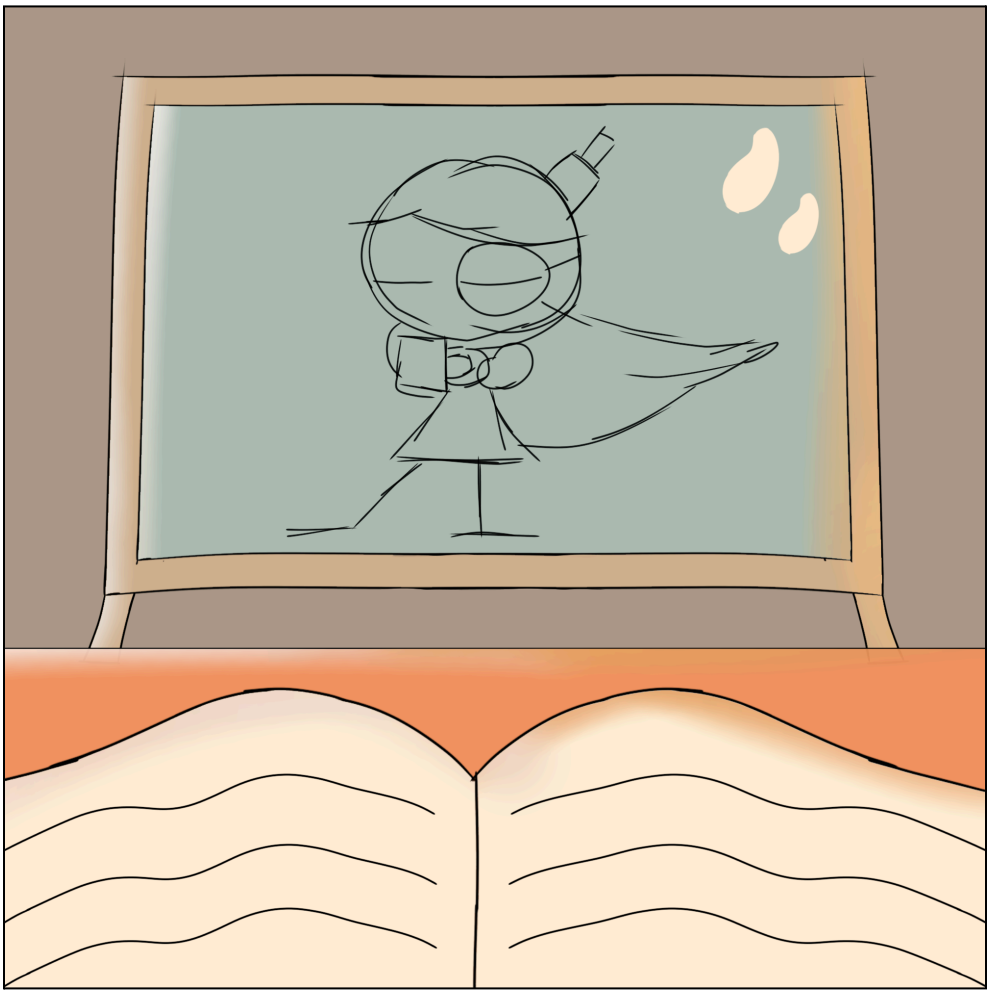
A few days later, after bein' too busy to go outside to do paintin' lessons with my mother to decorate the house walls, we went out to Big KA Mart, short for Knack Atops. What enlightened me were these weird kids on the wall. Stiff in time. Unable to emote. I didn't want to ruin their fun, but the water isn't the BEST spot for 'em to land in. ☜(`o´)



I didn't bother to start a rapport with 'em, so I was a bit short of who I was goin' name in this diary, but eh, I wrote 'em as "kids off the wall 1-6" in order. I kinda forgot Harmony exists, as I felt it's been a while since I saw her. She was shoppin' for toasty cereal, gummy bears, nail polish, and party dresses. She was NOT hiddin' it. (╬ಠ_ಠ)

#47

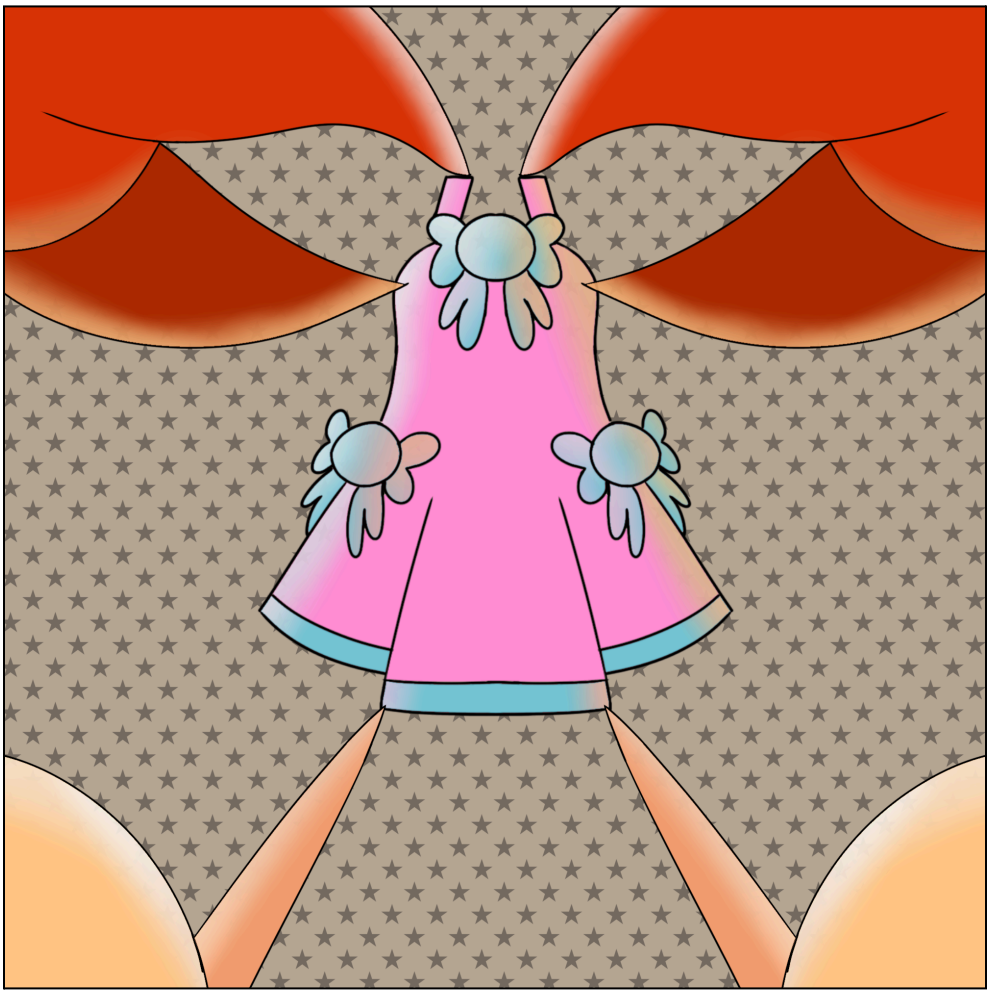
“What’s up! Did you get enough aristocrats for this party? It’s fairly soon,” was the words of a girl desperate to know the answer. But I couldn’t help myself by actin’ as the good girl and showin’ her my diary without hesitation, against premium TVs. The look on her face was too obvious, but TOO calm and elegant to get upset over. (つ﹏<。)



She could get away with murder if she wanted to, but that’s for another day, and a day I don’t need to think about. Her laugh BOUNCED to whatever these store displays wanted to broadcast, but gift cards and video games aren’t scary. What WILL be scary is the reaction that’ll be on Harmony’s face when she discovers the hard truth. ☀(■U ■-)ᓀ

#48

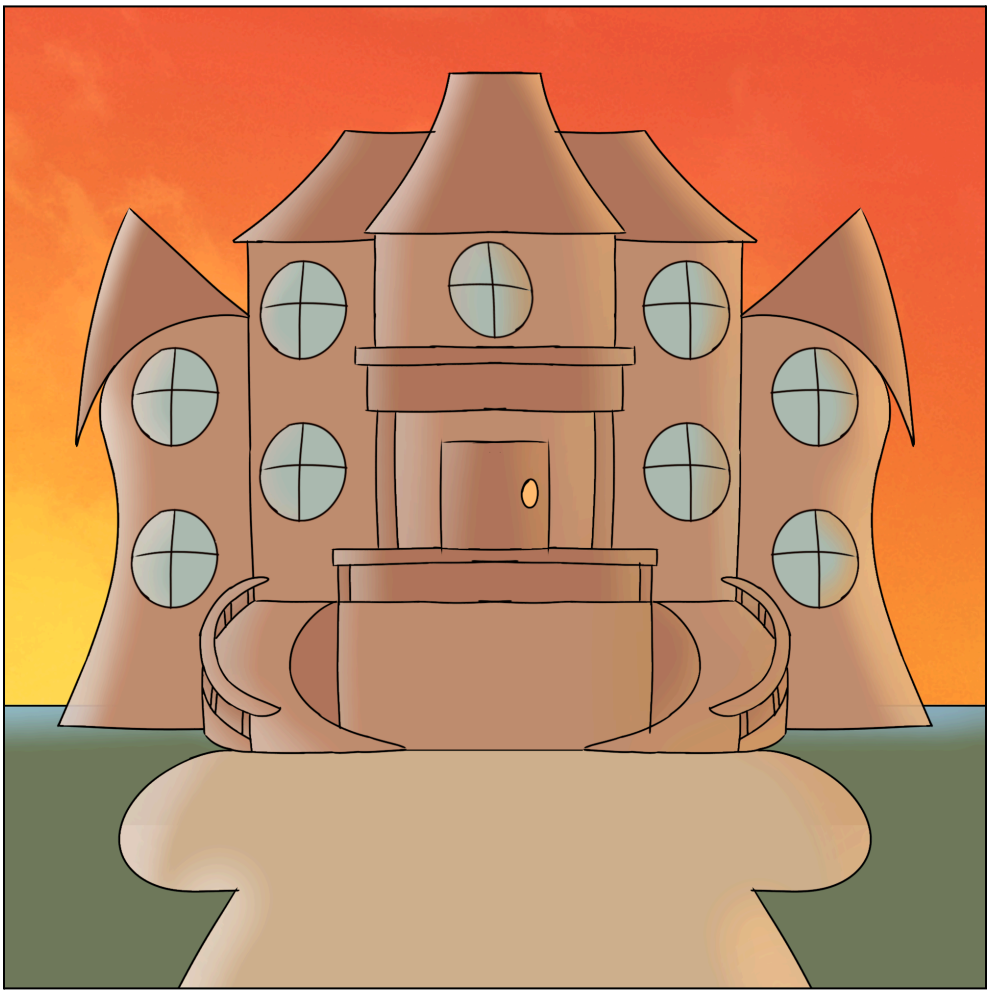
“Oh, and by the way, wanna go girly girl shoppin’ for goodies this weekend? I even will get you a cute dress if you want to,” surprised me, stripped of fear, but not to sidestep any circumstances. We were already against cute ducks cosplayin’ as the most famous characters in the world. I’m NOT goin’ to attempt to be against her. ┐(‘～`;)┌



This is where I’d love to go home, but I needed to check what dress she wanted. “Blue goes good with purple,” was where her priorities were, but I knew to decline to challenge. It's as shiny as a beautiful sea trip, even if the seashells and crabs would be admired. Crabs always add a PINCH of edge, even to the blondest girl. (ﾉ･_-)☆

#49

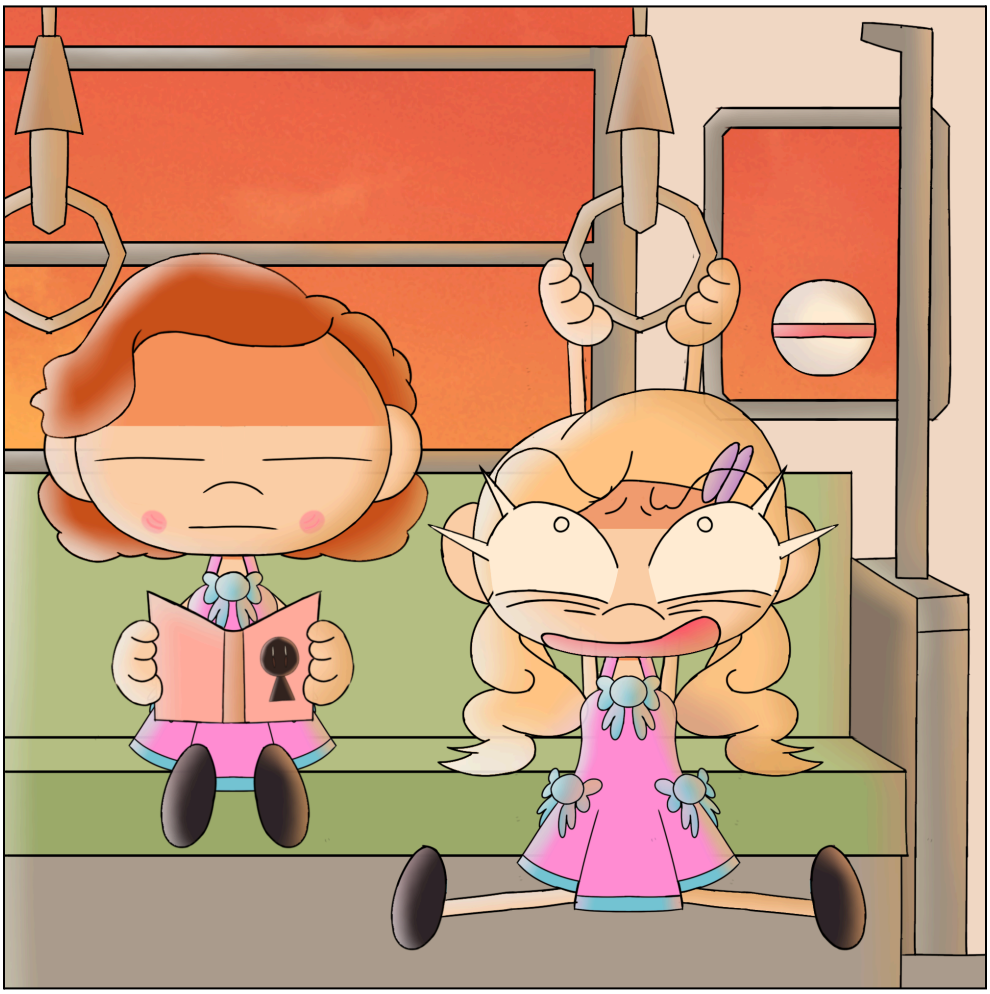
When the day actually came, I wasn't sure what to convey. My mother tried to talk me into chatter, but I wasn't feelin' it. "This is your friend's party? That's nice she was kind enough to think of you. You have such a wonderful dress!," were the warmest words I was given in a while. I imagine to BOOST my confidence, or what I believed. ٩(˘◡˘)۶



I hadn't been to Harmony's house, nor like I CONSIDERED it I was stunned to see I had to get through her security guard to allow me to reunite with her, but she didn't care. She held my hand to take the public bus to get sponge cakes and party sized potato chips. I asked for hot triangles. She vouched for SPICY squares and circles. (－_－) zzZ

#50

I've ALWAYS been annoyed when the bus stop doesn't have a number to tell you when it's goin' to arrive, but per Harmony's words, "just wait until it hits the full hour," which is one of the few smart tips she's shared. When we got on, I was blessed to recall that our school IDs allow us to take the bus freely for as long as we join the system. (•_•)



But alas, as we were ready to get off, the bus bypassed it. And let me tell you this wasn't MEANT to happen. I was holdin' onto the hanger to request a stop, but for no reason, it didn't go through with the driver until later. He couldn't CONSIDER the bare closest bus stop too. We landed at the nearest stop to the duck park out of reach. (。￣。)

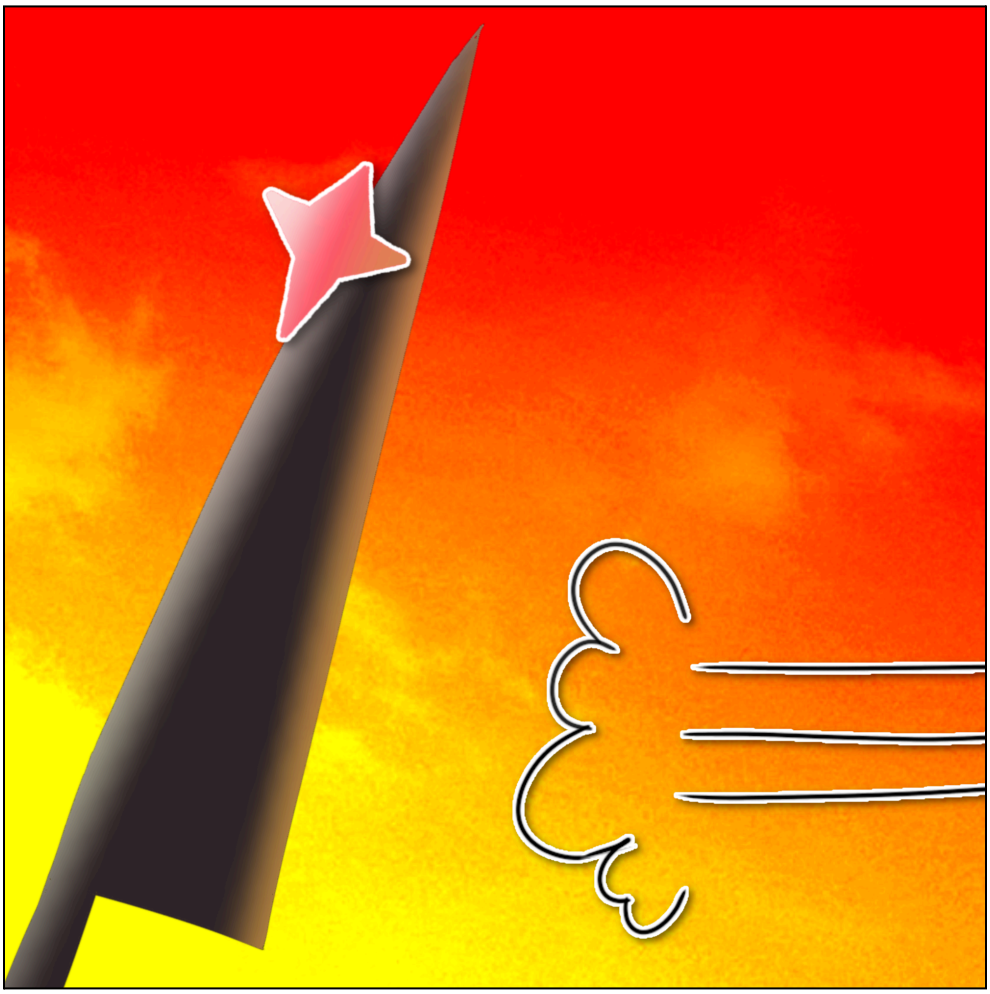
#51

“This is NOT the stop we requested to be at!” was ready to be the start of a series of Harmony’s pity remarks and criticisms, but I stopped her before she could get thrown in prison for three years. We were by this duck park, and various motels, dental stations, and coffee joints. The PERFECT places for Harmony to be adored at! GREAT!!! (ง •̀ω•́)

As her purple dress dusted off the edges, she sat in silence, takin’ off her heels. I was writin’ down vague guesses of names of who were on that bus, but to be blunt, I couldn’t go any further than confessin’ the truth. “Just to let you know, I didn’t get any aristocrats for the party. I only got people I thought were KINDA somewhat fancy.” „´□`„

#52

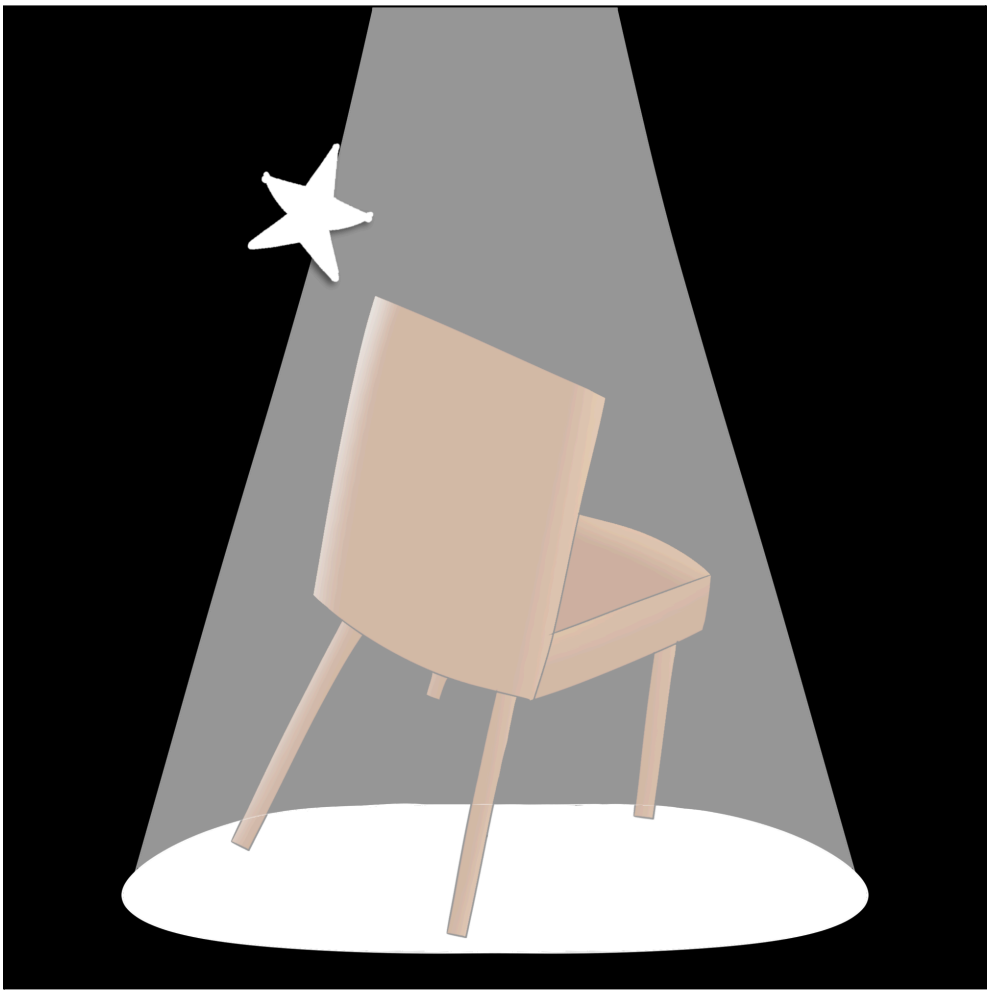
“I don’t need to hear that right now. Give me a piggyback ride to the shop and get those goods," frustration echoed in HOLLOW optimism. I know her voice is never low. “Come with me, before the sun fizzles out,” was the declaration of what I wanted to ask her about. Right before a random fella decided to chase us for our looks. Huh. (。﹏。")



“Come back here, you-” and that is the most I needed to hear, and based on what I heard, I think he said the least kind, appropriate word EVER for ladies. I expected almost eternal slumber from Harmony until we got to her home, but no, she was fully awake. I thought this was goin’ to be the time to her somethin’ rather very PERSONAL. (•̀ᴗ•́)

#53

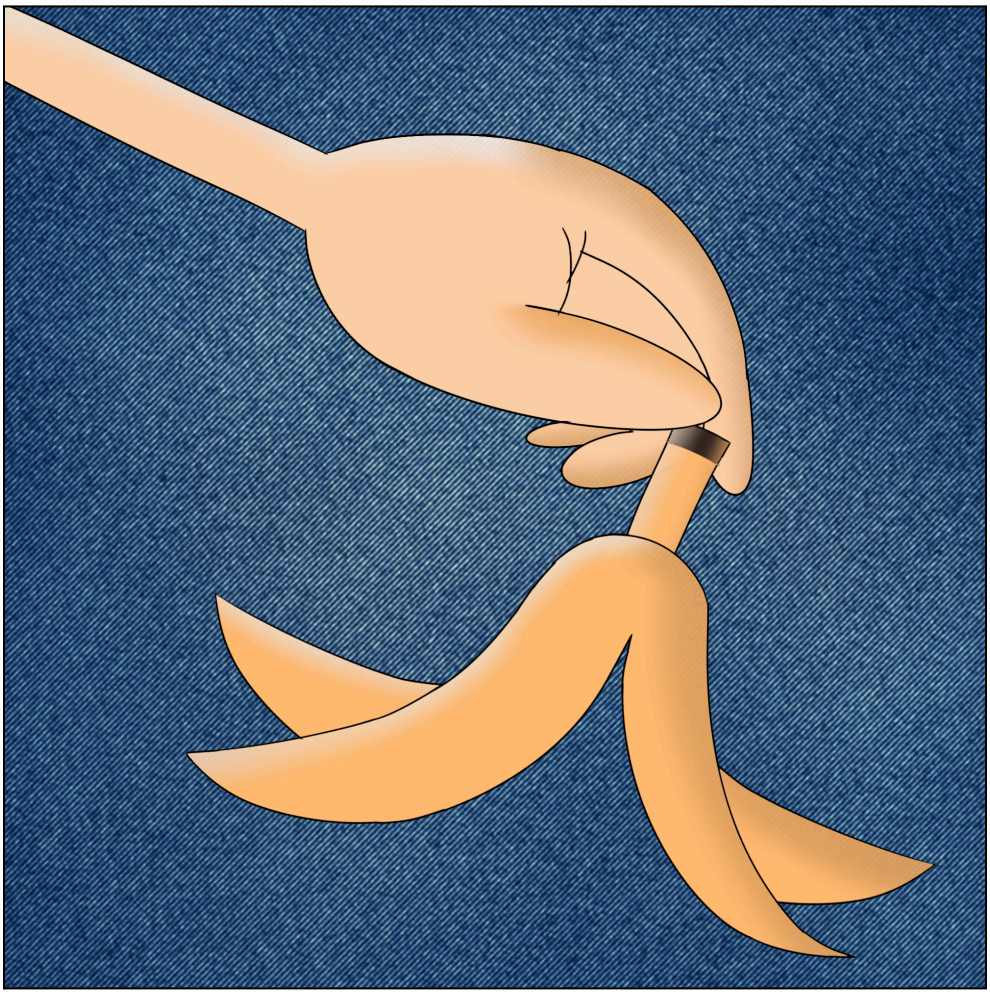
“Are you still happy you made me messed up spellin’ chair in kindergarten?” is a silly question when we’re this old, but there’s always been somethin’ about Harmony’s attitude revolvin’ me I can’t help continue to think about. It can’t be due to me makin’ me accidentally mess up my perfect spellin’ run back then. Or was it HER? (∩ ˘_˘)



“I can’t say I’m still thinkin’ about that,” she yawned over. “Eh, I guess I never considered you a close pal. I still think back to the day where the friends you thought you spent all of life moved on without you,” bumped me as much as this bumpy sidewalk. I don't exactly remember what she's talkin’ about, or she was there. What was it? (•̀□•́)

#54

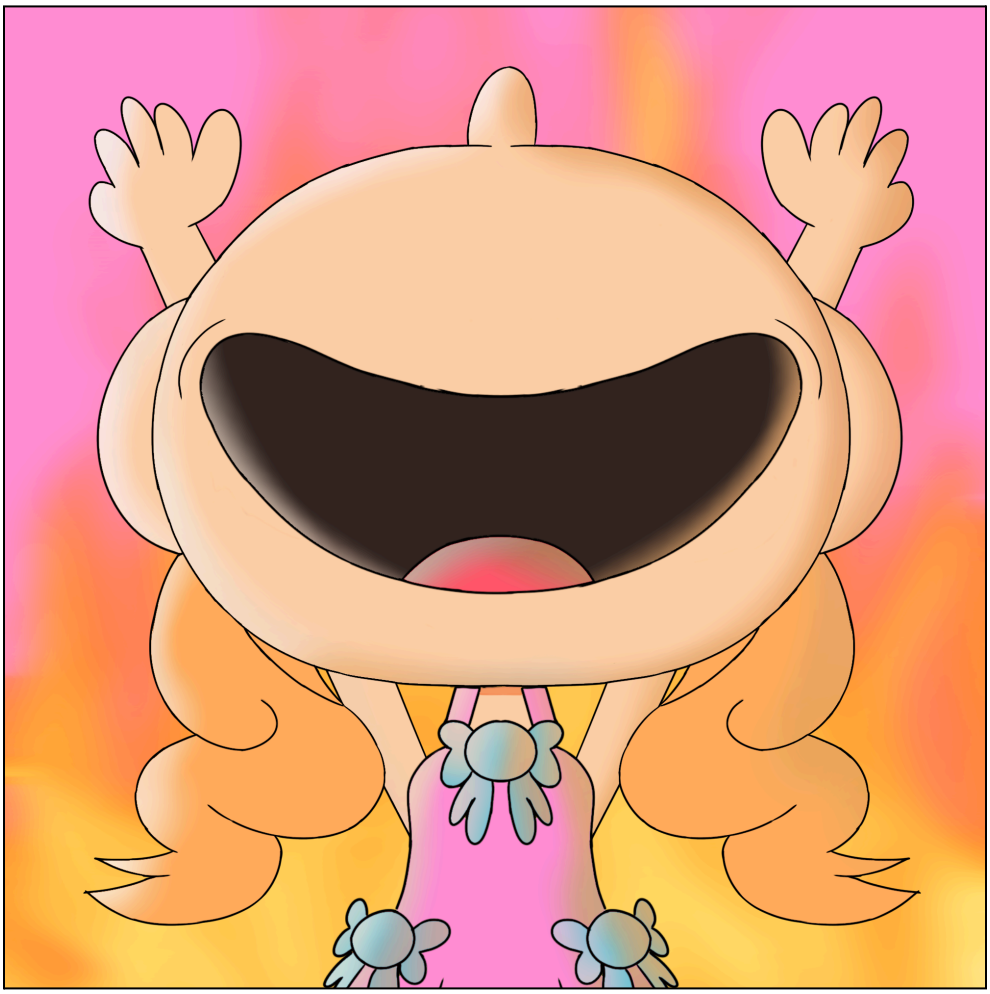
“When was the last time you REALLY pestered me?” was the thought I had when I considered it. She hasn’t exactly made me trip over a banana on purpose or shoved me into a gym locker as it's elementary. “Wasn’t it that time in that church we went to briefly together where I made it seem you pooped from eatin’ my chocolate at our lunch?” (∀)ψ



“Huh. Then why do you think you’re that famous in front of others?" is what I think whenever she brags about her charm and good looks in literature or flexin’ her own beauty in P.E. for sport. “It’s for good publicity. I can’t say it’d be bad for any amends to be tied well, but now, I can’t exactly say THAT easily. It’s not what they or I want.” (‘-’*)

#55

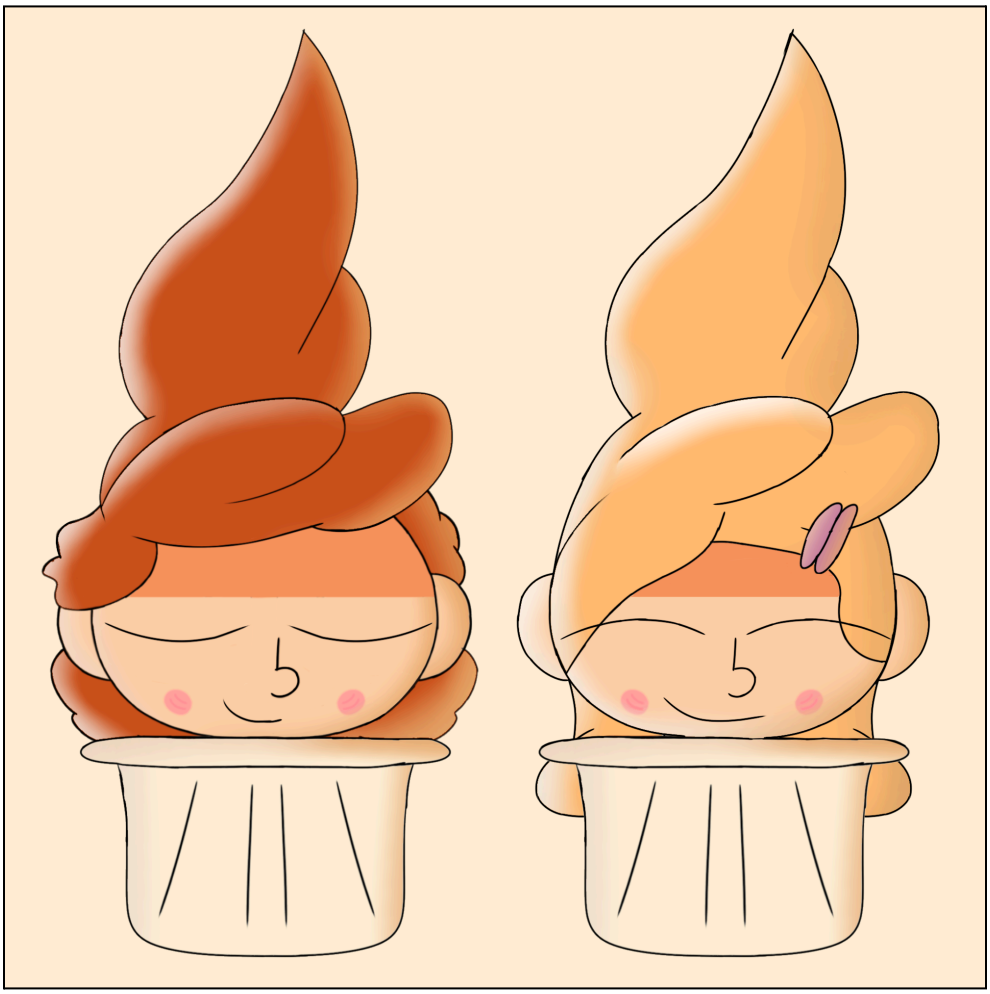
“Then what do they want?” I pondered. What is there to gain? “It’s healthy for a rich girlie to prey on groundlings. It makes it fabulous!” was the smile of a girl who I could see through, but maybe shouldn’t and wouldn’t. “And what would be gained if you made me any more popular? Do you THINK it’s this diary that makes me well?” (?_?)



“Heh. You make it so easy. You always appear to be the poor girl who couldn’t. Price is simple, rather sparin’,” annoyed me, but it’s what she wanted. “To be fair, I don’t need it. Not right now anyway,” was my response. “Time draws short, so you've gotta make up your mind” was HER response. Whatever. She’s cute in an annoyin’ way. (._.)

#56

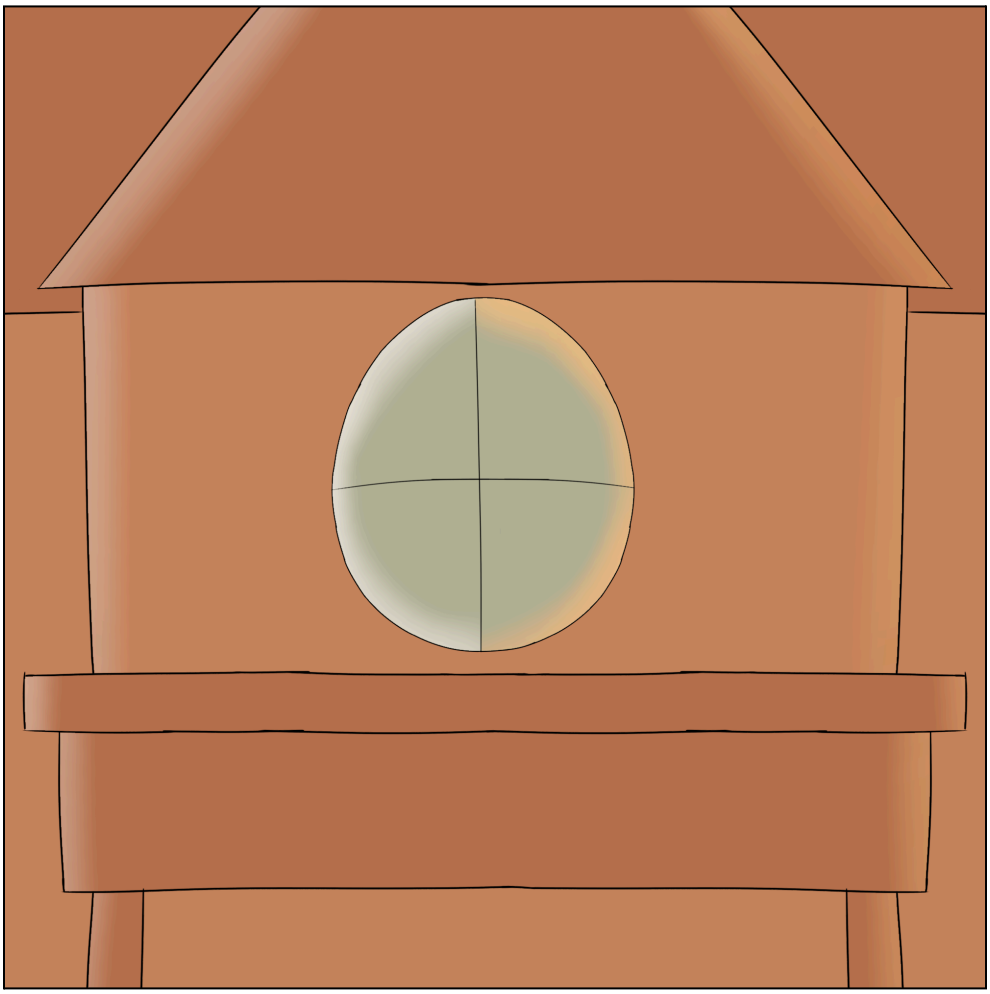
“So, you don’t want it?” made her concerned, but not me. We went to the store to get our needed items. Those marshmallows were appetizin’, but out of our budget. We went down the street, hopin’ the bus was bound to actually work this time. Before then, Harmony wanted to be an IDIOT and use unlimited samples at the yogurt place. ● . ⊙



“Is that your friend over there?” was the least of my issues when the employee asked me about her. When I came to get her back to reality, I tried the vanilla flavor. I hate to admit how scrumptious it was. I couldn’t help it. I had to rejoin her into gettin’ sample cups to try what we liked and didn’t. We LOVED the frosty rocket. ♡ᘏ◡ᘏ♡

#57

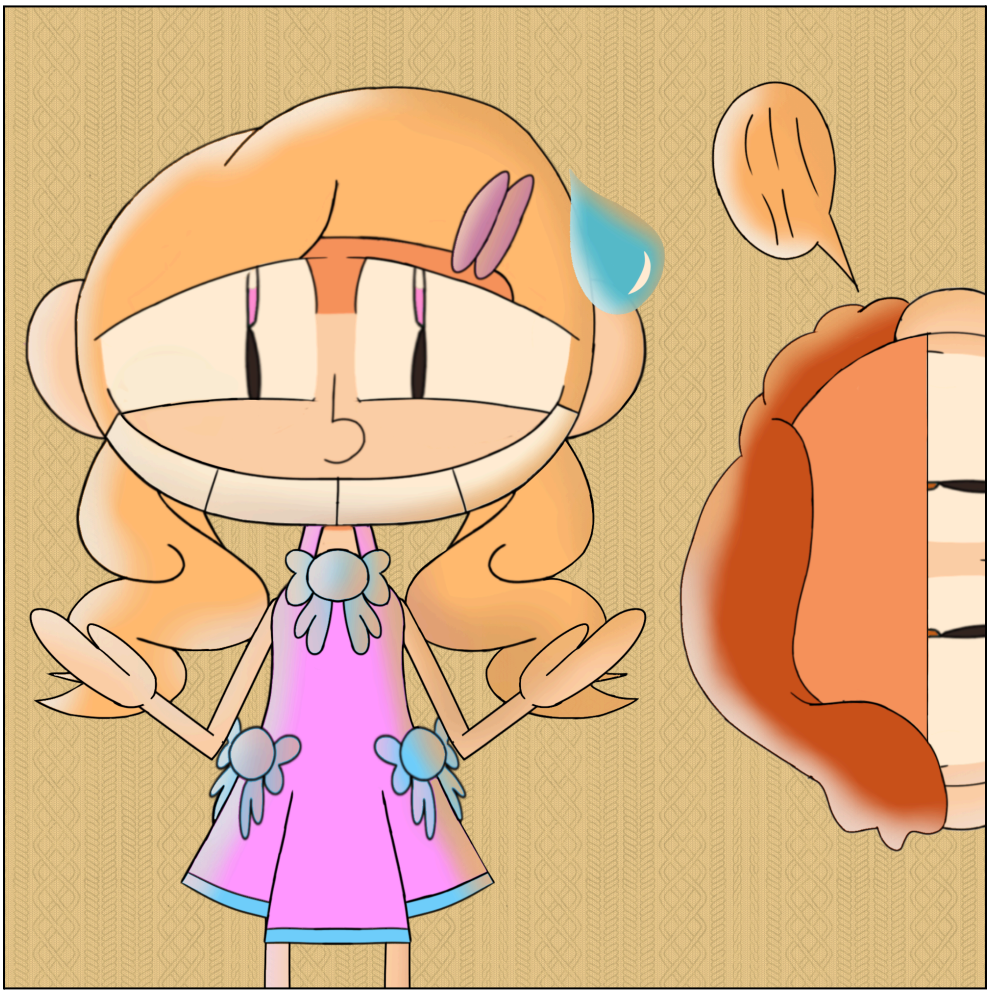
Speakin' of rockets, it took us a while to get a rocket back to Harmony's home. A rocket so blue that it had wheels. Our bags were so enormous that we nearly couldn't get into the vehicle. I joked to the driver that it was tuna cans and cheese tins. Good thin' that this takes us immediately home, compared to the mall's service that takes HOURS. -`д´-



When we got back to Harmony's residence, her mother was worried sick about where we were. "We had girly activities," is the claim she made. As I laid on the couch, I went to see where everyone else was, but there was none. Commendable on the balcony, as it smells if someone had awful levels of cigarettes lyin' to SPOOK everyone. ◪_◪

#58

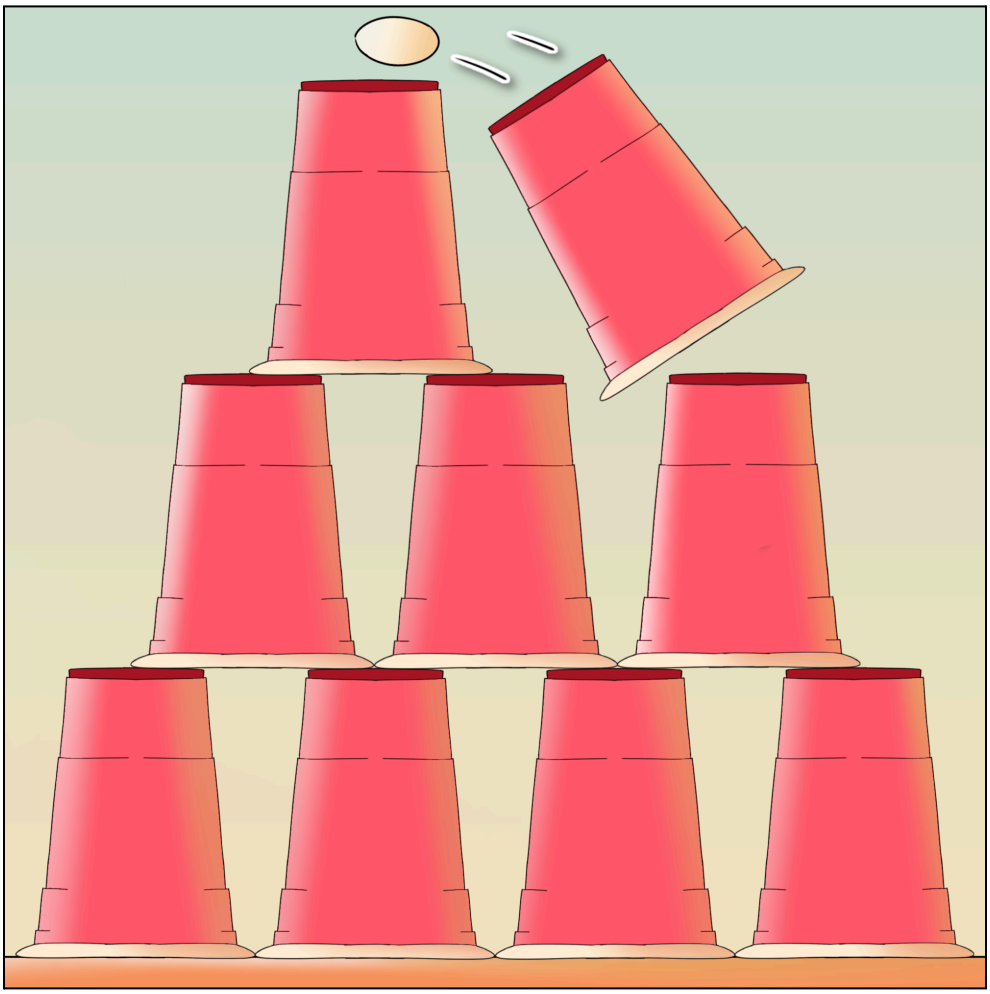
“Where are the guests?” was the initial point. “They weren’t aristocratic enough, so we let ‘em go to the vendor plaza downstairs for better enjoyment,” was THE boilin’ point that made her ALMOST turn into flames. “So, am I aristocratic enough?” was the conclusion to make her cool down, furious we were only in cute dresses. ɳ(◡)∫



“Where did you come from?” her mustache-stuffed father wondered. “Let’s stop with the rudeness and start bein’ constructive,” Harmony jumped in to conjure. “Well, she’s a stupid nincompoop I found recently, and I do mean aggressively recently,” had to be the fakest smile I’ve seen her put on, but I had to go with it, per command. (¬ ⅃ ¬)

#59

“Will you spend the night with her?” was the question of the night. “I’ll have to think about it,” she laughed. Sweat under her dress that wasn't so purple. She decided to brin’ me outside the balcony before it got real bad. “Not sure how to thank you for this. I’m not sure if I can call it a thanks. More of a lukewarm set of solid gestures.” (≠ˇ_ˇ)



“I guess so, I better get goin,” I yelled out in the middle of the night. “Eh, I may not play any tossin’ games with cups tonight with all this delicious food. Are you sure?” and she had me at “eh” there. A night spent downstairs throwin’ balls tossed at cheap party cups from fad chains. It went on for HOURS. We ate HUGE hot triangles! (〃>ㅅ<〃)

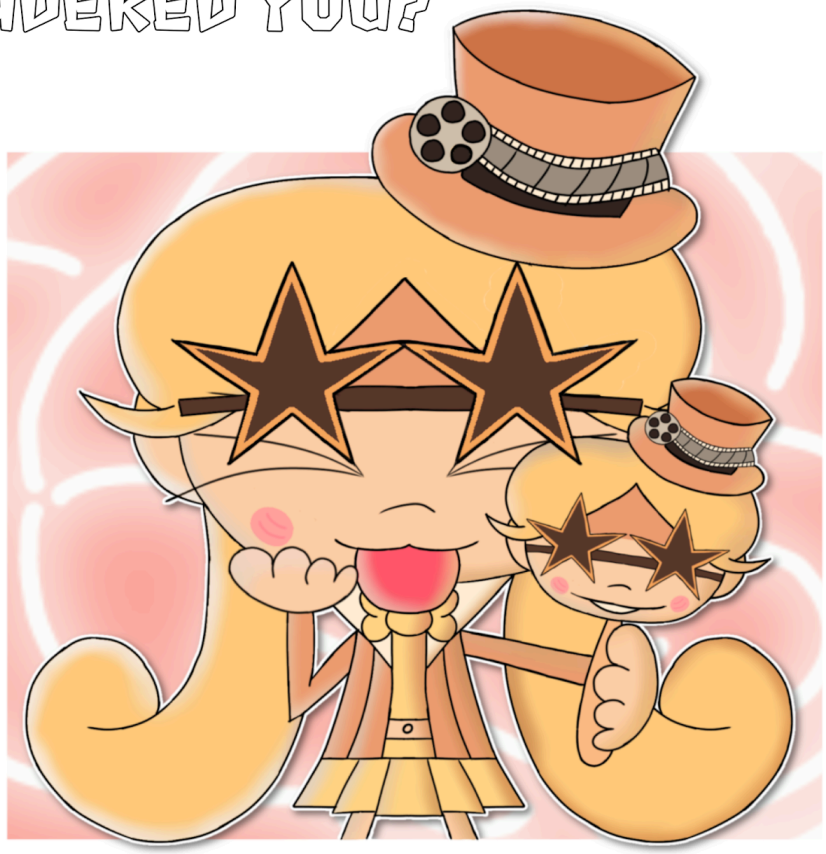
#60

It’d be odd to say what I think of her, and I can’t outright say I can keep up with Harmony’s image. I was more bothered that I almost forgot to write down her family’s names to go into the diary. Surprisingly their first appearances. Will there ever be more? I had to be knocked out when her mum took me home. The truck noises do STINK. (-`ॢ-")

Whoever is at top is #1, they get a star. Harmony has the top star for now. As I sat in silence in the garden with an umbrella, patiently watin’ for thorns to grow, I had to ask myself what I was goin’ to do next. At last, I thought it'd be best to open the napkin. It’s a tad more than I expected, but eh, I’ll have HUNDREDS of names to consider. ٩(^ᗜ^)و´-

IF YOU LIKED
"MOST POPULAR MARQUEE"
MAKE SURE TO LOOK OUT FOR...

EVER WONDERED YOU?



Jean

The Pantomime Showbiz

AUTUMN 2026

FUNTASTIC STUDIOS

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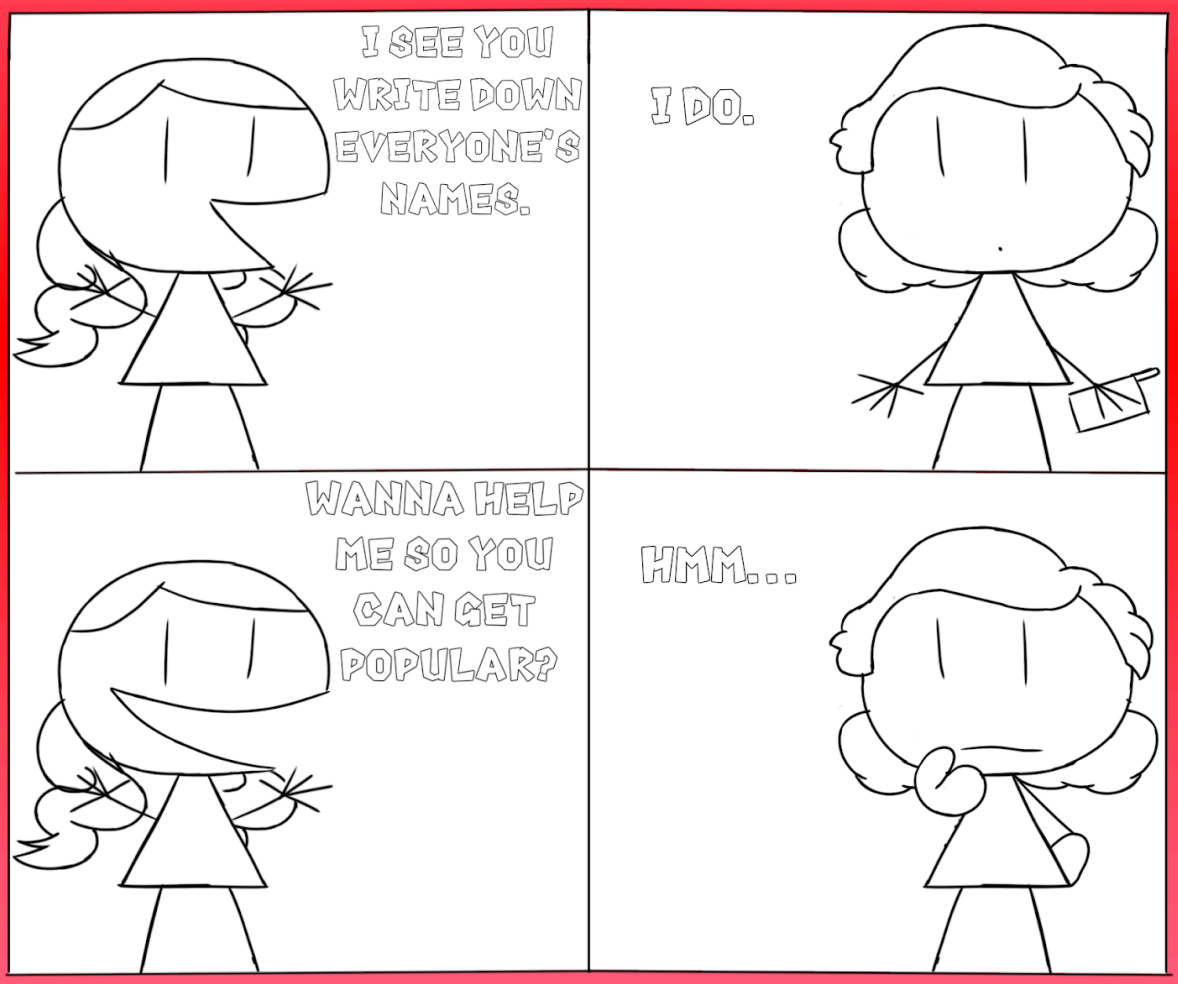

MARQUEE NEWMAN IS NO MORE UNIQUE THEN ANYONE ELSE ATTENDING MALCOM LOCKJAW JUNIOR HIGH FOR FOUR PROLONG SEMESTERS.

UNLESS YOU COUNT HAVING AN OBSESSION WITH WRITING DOWN NAMES OF EVERYONE IN YOUR LIFE TO SEE WHO YOU KNOW THE BEST.

AND WHEN THE CHEEKY QUEEN BEE WANTS TO ENLIST YOU TO GET ARISTOCRATS FOR HER BIRTHDAY BASH, WHO WOULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE IN EXCHANGE FOR SOME POPULARITY?

SHE'LL DO HER BEST TO BE MOST POPULAR. OR THAT IS WHAT SHE ASSUMES IT'LL BE FOR HER.

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